

P O E M S
ON
VARIOUS OCCASIONS;
WITH
TRANSLATIONS
FROM
AUTHORS IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

~~~~~  
DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,  
*To His Royal Highness PRINCE WILLIAM of GLOUCESTER;*

~~~~~  
By the REV. W. COLLIER,
SENIOR FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
Στησατε μοι Πρωίηα ποδυλοπον ως τε φανειη  
Ποικιλον ειδος εχων ολι Ποικιλον υμνον αιειδω.  
~~~~~

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by G. Sidney, Black-horse Court;
FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND; AND
ROBSON, NEW BOND STREET.

1800.

P. O. M. S.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

TRANSLATIONS



BY THE REV. W. COLLIER, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

LONDON:

1800.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE WILLIAM of GLOUCESTER.

SIR,

YOU possess merit of your own, which would do honour to any birth or rank; and, I have received favors from your condescension; but lest, on this occasion, the sincerity of thanks should be misconstrued into the flattery of praise, I shall neither degrade my own acknowledgment nor offend your delicacy by addressing you in the accustomed language of authors to common patrons.

Of all subjects, commendation is the most difficult, and the difficulty increases with the worth of those who are commended; but, as through my life, I have more often had

recourse to the genuine voice of the muse than the eloquence of words, apparently less restrained, I shall commit to verse, formed by nature, and confirmed by long habit, these sentiments; which, for sincerity, are equal, if not superior, to any expression which the younger art of prose can employ:—

Of all the labors, which confer the bays,
None is so nice, so delicate, as praise;
True Worth, alone, the lofty strains should hear,
And the most worthy are the most severe:
Pleas'd with themselves, with conscious Merit
proud,

They scorn the sullied homage of the croud;
Look down disdainful, with an equal eye,
On Flatt'ry's falshood, or Detraction's lie.
Praise is a perfume, which, from gentle gales,
Reviving sweets of Joy and Health exhales;
In lightest folds the subtile vapours glide,
And, scarce perceiv'd, disperse on ev'ry side;
Yet the lov'd charm steals soft upon the sense,
And Merit owns the secret influence.

P R E F A C E.

THESE poems, written in times of affluence and happiness, are published in those of a far different condition: of the originals, there are very few which were not composed on real and particular occasions; and, had not difficulties in life appeared, these efforts of a private and unfeigning muse would, most likely, never have been exposed to public view: the author, therefore, more than indifferent as to the applause or censure of those who know him only by these printed poems, is without anxiety as to the judgement which they may deserve; and has little wish as to their dispersion, but as far as the profits may tend to alleviate the burthens which were the causes of their having been committed to the press.

The variety of the contents and the shortness of the compositions may, perhaps, be suited to the various tastes of the readers, and escape the disgust which is felt from long and uniform performances

ances professing to give either entertainment or instruction.

In this miscellany, the only arrangement which is introduced is the placing the original odes, elegies, and sonnets, of the first volume, so that they follow in their respective species of verse; after these, the particular pieces, which are in various forms, are placed without any selection; and here a miscellaneous variety is better consulted than when the distinct species were arranged under each head.

It has been said that poetry and painting bear, though by different means, a resemblance to each other in the end proposed to be produced; and, imperfect, indeed, is the picture which requires a label to declare the general passion, such as hope, fear, joy, sorrow, or anger, or the particular emotion by a smile or frown, intended to be represented; as for instance, the submission of a son, in the height of conquest, to the intreaties of a mother for peace, is a general subject; and, if it be well painted, in the particular circumstances of Coriolanus and Veturia, no labels are required to express the action or emotion of each; no explanation, therefore, is affixed to these original poems; and a particular detail of the occasions

on

on which they were written, would be intrusive and uninteresting to those who neither have, or have had, any intimacy with the author. The dates of the composition are often affixed, by which the few, who know the occasions, may distinguish those particular poems in which they are concerned: to readers, in general, these dates plead no excuse for defects, as the corrections which they have frequently undergone, some of which were very lately made, would cancel every pretence to indulgence, as to time or age; but, public fame, as it was not the object of the compositions, so is it not the design of their publication. Some few notes and observations are added at the end of the books, chiefly to acknowledge thoughts or expressions taken from others; and to throw light on some of the subjects which are more obscure. As to the translations, they were made for the entertainment of those who were either unacquainted with the original languages or who had not attained to that spirit of them which so much contributes to their true power and deserts. The originals, themselves, are, most often, annexed, that those, who understand both languages, may compare how much or how little the translations have expressed. The prose dissertations are placed

placed after all the verses; and an index, to each particular, is affixed to each volume, with the pages where it is inserted.

On the whole, the author is well aware that times of public concern and anxiety are not those of private curiosity and entertainment; and, that the world, as it is called, or the public, at large, is much won, like most individuals of either sex, by the attention which is paid to their judgment or favor; and that it seldom shows much regard to what was not intended for its peculiar approbation or improvement:—it is evident that these poems have not that public object in view. This preface, therefore, different either from an apology for defects or a claim from the deserts of the poems, shall be concluded with the final sentence from La Bruyère:—“Si on ne goute pas ces *Vers*, je m'en étonne; si on les goute, je m'en étonne de même.”

To some readers, a translation of the two lines, from Nonnus, in the title may be agreeable.

Thee, changeful Proteus! I invoke, whose form
On varied themes this various verse presents.

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ERRATA.

P. 162, <i>Sulle piume</i> , v. 1	P. 230, for work, read worth,
<i>di moto e voce</i> , v. 2	v. 3
Read <i>memtre</i> , v. 3	P. 241, for claim's, read claims,
<i>lume</i> , v. 8	v. 9
<i>avvinto</i> , v. 9	P. 251, for tents, read tints, v. 16
<i>cinto</i> , v. 11	P. 259, for <i>The darts</i> , read <i>She</i> ,
<i>gode</i> , v. 13	v. 11
P. 178, <i>t'ode</i> , v. 7	P. 264, for <i>gra</i> , read <i>grace</i> , v. 5
P. 178, for <i>tui</i> , read <i>tue</i> , v. 8	P. 296, for <i>how</i> read <i>the</i> , v. 9
P. 185, read <i>Thus</i> , v. 10	P. 298, for <i>discri'd</i> , read <i>delay'd</i> ,
P. 187, read <i>boast</i> , v. 14	v. 8
P. 208, for work, read <i>Worth</i> ,	P. 304, for <i>be</i> , read <i>bear</i> , v. 8
v. 17	P. 312, read <i>would</i> , v. 17
P. 214, for <i>then</i> , read <i>Thou</i> , v. 14	P. 360, <i>Ananke</i> , v. 3
P. 228, for <i>show'd</i> , read <i>show'rd</i> ,	
v. 13	

ODES,

ODES.

ODE ON MAN.

Pronaque dum spectent animalia caetera terram
Os homine sublime dedit.—OVID: METAM: l. i. 85.

FOR once let gen'rous pride,
Which, fix'd on virtue, thence its triumph draws;
To sound its own applause,
Now my glowing fancy guide;
While on my boldest string,
God's image, Man, I sing,
Great Nature's last, best work, and Earth's
unbounded King.

To Man alone is giv'n,
 Of all who own the common lap of Earth,
 Their dust-ingender'd birth,
 Thence, by thought, to soar to Heav'n:
 Where eagle ne'er could fly,
 The soul can tow'r on high,
 Beyond her lofty wing, and fix'd, sun-daring eye.

Within his ample breast
 Mild Friendship's pow'r has fix'd its social throne—
 Pity, lulling Sorrow's moan,
 Kindness, making others blest:
 Ere yet the greedy tomb
 Has clos'd its marble womb,
 By virtue, man enjoys a glimpse of blis to come.

But

But, Oh! extatic thought!
When Earth's creation yields its fleeting breath,
Defenceless prey of Death!
In vain shall Nature's wreck be fought;
While Man, no longer clay,
In glory's bright array,
To life immortal springs, and realms of endless
day.

1762.

ODE

ODE

TO THE MUSE.



Sint Marones, non deerunt Moeccenates.



REJOICE, O Muse! and rear
 Aloft in triumph thy desponding head
 From Sorrow's languid bed,
 Damp with Merit's silent tear:
 Behold! where, fix'd on high,
 In words that never die,
 The tablet of thy fame salutes thy conscious eye,

No longer, Muse! shall now
The wanton hand of undiscerning Chance,
Or Favour's partial glance,
Tear the laurel from thy brow;
From thy usurped throne,
And glories not their own,
Thy foes shall fly, abash'd at thy commanding
frown,

No more with soft complaint,
Thalt thou, in Poverty's sequester'd vale,
Repeat thy piteous tale,
With voice in dying numbers faint;
But in high-sounding lays,
Thy golden lyre shalt raise,
And crown Desert with flow'rs of death-defying
praise.

Short

Short is Affliction's pow'r:
The fable clouds which from our longing eyes
Had veil'd the radiant skies,
Streak'd with dawn, no longer lour—
While in the glowing east,
From hoary Ocean's breast,
Hyperion mounts his car, and shines the God
confest.

1763.

ODE

TO CONFIDENCE.



Possumt quia posse videntur.—VIRGIL: *ÆNEID*: l. v. 231.



OFFSPRING of Hope! whose hand,
 With nervous grasp, the potent sceptre wields,
 To which affrighted yields
 Death and Danger's ghastly band;
 By thee the gen'rous mind,
 With flight resistless, unconfin'd,
 To glory soaring, leaves mortality behind.

By

By thee, with manly stride,
Perseus exulting mounts the winged steed,
And, with an eagle's speed,
Dares the whirlwind's fury ride:
Aloft the hero flies,
And, hov'ring now, 'mid purer skies,
Sees this vile ball below diminish from his eyes.

Vain was great Neptune's might,
Vain, O Columbus! to appal thy soul,
Tho' now, from pole to pole,
Tempests spread the sudden night:
Thro' ev'ry danger tried,
Thy vessel stem'd the foaming tide,
Till thy unwearied eyes the long-sought world
descried.

Science beam'd forth in vain
From great Pythagoras in earliest days,
While Ignorance the rays
Obscur'd in Superstition's reign:
In vain, with due applause,
Did Kepler trace the planet-laws,
Till Newton's mind conceiv'd, and prov'd the
latent cause.

On Creffi's elder field,
And where at Agincourt, an host of foes
Their boasting threat oppose,
That England should her glories yield;
O'er younger Edward's soul,
Or Henry's heart, no terrors stole,
But, what they dar'd to hope, their valour dar'd
controul.

Thus, with a prophet's fire,
Deep shall the Muse explore the womb of Fate,
And in my song relate
What Truth and Confidence inspire
That soon shall spring the day,
When Gaul shall stoop to Albion's sway,
And either world subdued, her laws and arms
obey.

==
1761.
==

EPITHA.

EPITHALAMIUM.

YOUTHS.

HITHER, Hymen! hither bring
Thy purple torch, whose lambent fires
Kindle hallow'd, chaste desires,
Whence the purer raptures spring:
While thus with garlands we the shrine adorn,
Rise, Phosphor! rise, and bless this happy morn.

VIRGINS.

VIRGINS.

Quit awhile thy starry dome,
 Goddess of the sacred rite,
 Where hearts in mystic bond unite,
 Hither, Juno! hither come:

While thus aloft our fragrant wreaths are borne,
 Rise, Phosphor! rise, and bless this happy morn!

YOUTHS.

Now, adieu to virgin wiles,
 Coy retreating, kind pursuing,
 Quarrels, fainting love renewing,
 Studied frowns, and artful smiles:

While in light mood we thus our mirth display,
 Rise, Phœbus! rise, and bless this happy day!

VIRGINS.

Now, adieu to flatt'ring arts,

Quick protesting, slow believing,

Faithful now, and now deceiving,

Snares to lure unwary hearts:

Thus while we sing the well-experienc'd lay,

Rise, Phœbus! rise, and blest this happy day!

YOUTHS.

Here Content, with temper sweet,

Strife preventing, care dispelling,

Here shall ever choose her dwelling,

Here shall fix her safe retreat:

Let Phœbus own, that his refulgent car

Ne'er yet enlighten'd a more happy pair!

VIRGINS.

VIRGINS.

Here shall Peace, whose bounteous hand
Scatters mortal's truest treasure,
Ever-streaming fount of pleasure,
Wave her blooming olive wand:
Their joys, O Phœbus! as thy beams shall shine,
And keep their course unalter'd still as thine.

YOUTHS.

Now prepare the bridal bed:
Now she trembles, now she fears,
Now she drops the doubtful tears,
While her cheek warm blushes spread.

VIRGINS.

Blushes rise from conscious worth,
Graceful on the cheek they glow;
Tears are not always tears of woe,
Pleasure owes to pain its birth.

BOTH.

Thou bright attendant of Love's soft delight,
Rise, Vesper! rise, and bless the happier night.

==
1761.
==

O D E.

RECEDE, ye clouds! I mount—I fly—
 Blifs like mine the clogging chains
 Of earth, and earthly care, difdains,
 And foars triumphant to its native fky:
 Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
 And make Idalia's groves re-echo with the found

Poor baffled Fortune! quit thy rod!
Joys like mine spontaneous growing,
From the heart delicious flowing,
Self-potent rise, nor wait thy giddy nod:
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
And make Idalia's groves re-echo to the sound!

Sweet moments! shall my daring lyre
Warble, how, dissolv'd in charms,
I fainting sunk in Delia's arms,
Each bosom glowing with Love's mutual fire?
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
And make Idalia fade with envy at the sound!

To mine her downy cheek applied,
(While with quick convulsive throws
Her soft, elastic bosom rose)
Reveal'd the blushes which she strove to hide:
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
And make Idalia fade with envy at the sound!

Fast lock'd within her warm embrace,
On her breast reclin'd my head,
While my doating eyes were fed,
With contemplation of that angel face:
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
And make Idalia fade with envy at the sound!

But, Oh! what rising floods of bliss!
When, with closing eyes consenting,
Broken murmurs, sweet relenting,
Our souls were blended in the mutual kifs:
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
But strive not to repeat the inexpressive sound!

Thick sudden shades o'erveil'd my sight;
In Joy's tempestuous billows tost,
Sense, with speech and breath, were lost;
Till with the dawn return'd unwelcome light:
Hover, ye Loves! with agile pennons round,
And make Idalia mourn with pity at the sound!

Aloft again, I mount—I fly—
 Blifs like mine the clogging chains
 Of earth, and earthly care, difdains,
 And foars triumphant to its native fky :
 Hover, ye Loves ! with agile pennons round,
 And make Idalia's groves re-echo with the found !

1761.

ODE.

ODE.

To Joy's extatic strain
Still shall my lyre's unconquer'd measures move,
While with the pride of Love,
I my Sorrow's yoke disdain :
Tho' Fate my tyrant be,
And fix the stern decree,
Great is the bliss that vies with such a misery.

Let sensual beings prize
Their joys, profaning Love's exalted name,
Without that holy flame,
Whence the mutual wishes rise:
Thus spicy embers lay
To mix with useless clay,
When up to heav'n the fumes have won their
curling way.

Thoughts yet are ever free:
In vain, ye loathsome chains! ye seek to bind
The freedom of the mind,
Which flies to real love and me:
There, tho' the tempest beat,
And waves tumultuous meet,
Thou shalt, my Delia! find an ever-safe retreat.

Sweet

Sweet sympathetic chain!
Soft charm, by time or place still unconfin'd,
Convey to Delia's mind
This my lyre's melodious strain!
I hear the rising sigh—
I see the melting eye—
These are the sweets thou giv'st, heart-easing
Sympathy.

==
1761.
==

THE SLEEP.

AN ODE.

SLEEP! thou fearful lover's friend!
Thy trackless footsteps hither bend;
Let, O let my Laura close
Her eyelids in thy soft repose;
Free from noise, from trouble free,
Be her slumbers, and her dreams on me!

Zephyr!

Zephyr! silent be thy gale;
Rustling o'er the flow'ry vale;
Your murmurs cease, ye purling rills!
Eddying round the mossy hills;
Lest too loudly kind you be,
And break her slumbers, and her dreams on me.

Oh! do my hopes my sight beguile,
Or did I see a dimpled smile?
Her lips, those oracles of Love
In half-form'd accents seem to move:
Delicious sleep! O do not flee!
Soft are her slumbers, and her dreams on me.

Sleep! redouble now thy pow'r,
That, rich in this high-favour'd hour,
I for once may taste the bliss
Flowing from a secret kiss—
O hear me, Sleep! from envy free,
By thee she slumbers;—but she dreams on me.

See her snowy bosom rise,
Like down of swans, in panting sighs,—
Sighs that swell the balmy treasure,
When the lips impart their pleasure;
O Sleep! what thanks are due to thee,
By whom she slumbers thus, and dreams on me.

But, Ah! she stirs—with false surprize
Around she throws her swimming eyes;
But soon with blushes owns the cheat,
That Sleep was but Love's kind deceit:
Yet, Sleep! my thanks I pay to thee,
Whose feigned form has shewn her real love to me.

1763.

ODE,
OR CANZONE.

THE DESCENT.

HENCE, for a while, dull outward forms!
With all your shadows vain—
A nobler pow'r my swelling bosom warms,
And fills my lab'ring brain;
Love's tow'ring thought,
By musing wrought,
Now bears me high, disdaining body's aid—
Which curbs the height
Of Fancy's flight,
As forms to light oppos'd produce a shade.

Beauty to no colour owing,
Love from like affections flowing,
Can now alone my thoughts employ;
True as Time's unchanging pace,
Boundless as the realms of space,
Which thought itself cannot destroy:—
But vulgar ears, in matter drown'd,
No more can catch this lofty sound,
Than can their sight pervade the vaulted skies;
Th' effects they see in dazzling light,
The cause lies hid in deepest night,
And love and heav'n are equal mysteries.

Imperious Spirit! mighty Will!
Pow'rful most when most oppress'd,
Thou to thyself art ruler still,
None but thyself can make thee-blest;

In

In order, at thy dread command,
The years of Time obsequious stand,
 Past, present, and to come;
Remembrance can the past replace,
And Hope prophetic shew the race
 Yet sleeping in the womb.

Thought on thought sublime up-rearing,
 Thus thro' ideal worlds I pass,
And quit this earthly trunk, appearing
 Now a wild distracted mass;
 Where in amaze
 Weak mortals gaze,
And pity bliss to which they cannot rise—
 Whose narrow mind,
 By sense confin'd,
Makes equal judgment of extremities.

But

But ah! how short the date
Allow'd by Fate
 To strongest efforts of the struggling soul!
 While here below
 On earth, the dreary vale of woe,
 The body's dross must still her flight controul:
 High tho' I soar'd, my wings must fail,
 When raging tempests of the world assail,
 And I, whom late not heav'n's wide vault could
 bound,
 Now melancholy lie, extended on the ground.

 1764.

ODE,

ODE,

OR CANZONE.

THE CONVERSE.

Away, ye racking thoughts! with all your train
 Of anger, grief, despair, remorse, and pain,
 Let me know one moment's rest,
 Which now I feel
 Begin to steal
 In soothing languors thro' this troubled breast:
 O gentle Sleep! here wave thy downy wing,
 And with thee dull Oblivion bring;

Let

Let me not dream of joy or woe—

Since joy to me

Would torture be,

And grief, alas! too much I know;

Come then, and Death's unruffled image bear,
And let me lose in thee all what, or how, or where.

Ah! 'twill not be, in vain I strive

To check the motion of my restless brain;

While tides of thought,

By fancy wrought,

Still their whirling eddies drive,

Like rolling billows on the stormy main:

Vain is ev'ry hope of cure,

Since the ills which I endure

What seeks to soften renders worse—

As winds the flame

They strive to tame,

Provoke and kindle with redoubled force.

With

With dazzled eyes entranc'd I gaze
On glitt'ring forms by Fancy made,
Where free from ev'ry faulty shade,
Perfection darts its lightning rays;
But short, alas! the fleeting scene—
Remembrance thunders what has been,
And blasts my bold aspiring hope with fears:
Quick from my sight each phantom flies,
And leaves my disappointed eyes,
No longer dimm'd with light, but drown'd in tears;
So Phœbus, thro' heav'n's ample plain,
By day in splendid glory burns,
But, when the night in clouds returns,
His fading beams conceals in Neptune's briny
main,

In vain the mind, to change its course,
 Divided tow'ards some diff'rent source,
 Its efforts would engage;
 From each the same afflicting train
 Still rises, unsuppress'd, again,
 With more invenom'd rage:
 The polish'd mirror thus, wherein is shown,
 While yet entire, one form alone,
 If broken, gains new added rays,
 And in each shatter'd wreck a sep'rate form
 displays.

O fatal pow'r! by which the mind
 In realms of bliss abroad can roam,
 While dull experience, here confin'd,
 Must still recall it to its hated home.
 Entangled bird! that beat'st in air
 Thy wearied wings, to loose the knotty snare,
 Cease, ah! cease thy labour vain,
 Nor spread thy useles wings till thou canst break
 thy chain.

But stop, my Muse! these notes of woe,
And learn, that Heav'n to all below,
 Their proper blifs assign'd;
Who seeks for more with fruitless care,
Shall for himself the pain prepare
 He well deserves to find:
Let bounded wishes then suffice,
Nor present blifs with future hope destroy,
Descend, that thou may'st higher rise,
And less desiring, more enjoy.

1764.

SERENATA.

TO ROSALBA.

CEASE for a while thy strain,
Sweet Bird of Eve ! To Sorrow's languid ear
Thy warblings may be dear,
While they of wrongs and cruel deeds complain :
But in Rosalba's breast,
By Love, by Truth possest,
Sleep now would fix his reign, and reigning there
be blest.

ALL

All nature sinks around
In stillest calm; upon the mountain-trees
Expires the nightly breeze,
Nor streams to Echo give the faintest sound;
Amid the blue serene
The silent Moon is seen,
And stars, with noiseless train, accompany their
Queen.

Now, Sleep! exert thy pow'r,
And as thy phantoms in bright order rise,
On wings of various dyes,
Thy choicest charms on my Rosalba shew'r!
Do thou her eye-lids close,
While kindled in repose,
Fancy, Love's secret friend, within her bosom
glows.

Sweet Bird of Eve! O keep
 Respectful silence; and thou, nightly breeze,
 Wave not the mountain trees;
 Nor, Echo! thou disturb the reign of Sleep:
 And you, ye Stars, that move
 In noiseless train above,
 O shed your kindest beams, and guard my sleeping
 love!

1782.

MADRI-

MADRIGAL.

TO ROSALBA.

SLEEP! gentle pow'r, forbear
 Longer to close the eyelids of my love;
 Thy bands may welcome prove
 To Grief's long night, but she is free from care—
 Within that balmy breast,
 Where blifs delights to rest,
 No panting breath is drawn, but that which speaks
 her blest.

No more thy charms infuse,
But, while the dawn proclaims approaching day,
While larks resume the lay,
And vi'lets breathe their scent thro' pearly dews,
Let my Rosalba rise,
And feast her ears, her eyes,
With Nature's sweetest sounds---with Nature's
fairest dyes.

Alas, rash pray'r! for see,
The God retires, and 'mid the winged train
Of dreams that, in his reign
Exulting, sport in secret extacy,
One parting shade displays
A banner, where I gaze
On Agathon's lov'd name, inscrib'd in starry rays.

Sleep, gentle pow'r! bestow
Once more thy charm, and 'mid that balmy breath
Where bliss delights to rest,
Again, O let the much-lov'd image glow!
Ye shades! repel the streams
Of Light's intrusive beams,
Nor you, ye birds! disturb Rosalba's morning
dreams.

1782.

SONG.

TO ROSALBA.

IN vain would LOVE bewail the pow'r
Of ABSENCE, with repeated sigh—
Fancy can cheer the lonesome hour,
And make me think Rosalba nigh.

IN vain would ABSENCE interpose
Its bar to stop the balmy kifs—
With transport still REMEMBRANCE glows,
And gives again th' extatic blifs.

In vain REMEMBRANCE, now severe,
Would weep for joys too bright to last—
HOPE says, and wipes away the tear,
The future shall exceed the past.

In vain would HOPE, impatient grown,
The reins to Doubt and Terror yield—
Unshaken TRUST ascends her throne,
And bids Hope rest behind her shield.

By TRUST secure, now Rapture, fir'd,
Displays aloft her glitt'ring wings,
And Agathon, by LOVE inspir'd,
Thus to his best Rosalba sings.

1781.

SONG.

~~~~~  
ADAPTED TO MUSIC.  
~~~~~

GALES of Ev'ning! while she slumbers,
Fan my fair to soft repose;
Now, my lyre! in softest numbers,
Dare my secret with disclose.
Should she wake, the song disdaining,
Frowns would all thy art destroy;
Thou must cease thy fond complaining,
I must lose my fleeting joy.

Shades

Shades of Ev'ning! still befriend me,
Veiling still her radiant eyes;
You alone from fears defend me,
Granting what the dawn denies:
Thus, with hasty spark expiring,
Shines the glow-worm's tim'rous ray,
But with tranquil Night retiring,
Shuns the lavish blaze of Day.

1777.

SONG.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC,

So many tears of misery

Have fail'd to move your heart,
That, wearied with your tyranny,
Despairing I depart:

Yet think, at last relenting,

Left Pity come too late,
When Love, the wrongs resenting,
No more your smiles shall wait.

But,

But, oh ! regard with lenity
This proud presumptuous strain,
While frantic by your cruelty,
I dare to brave your chain :
Oh ! let thy heart consenting,
Once more again be mine,
And I, with tears repenting,
For ever will be thine !

SONG.

A First Thought.

VAINLY now, with smiles deceiving,
Chloe! you my heart would charm;
I am past all fond believing,
Smiles can bless, or frowns can harm:
Cupid, phantom form'd on error,
Yields the pow'r my fancy gave,
Owning, with my former terror,
Me his lord---himself my slave.

A Se-

A Second Thought.

In vain I search for peace or joy,
Since Love insulted racks my brain,
Deserved tears my hopes destroy,
And thought repeated swells my pain :
The careless bird thus through the grove,
Her lost neglected young pursues ;
Tho' round and round in vain she rove,
She still her hopeless search renews.

SONG.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

URGE me no more, with friendly care,
Ye Swains! nor breathe the soothing strain;
The slighted Damon must despair---
His sighs, his truth, are vain.

Ye happy birds! whose airy notes
Once made the Shepherd's transport known,
No longer swell your feather'd throats,
The days of joy are flown.

M

Ye

Ye groves, adieu ! Adieu, ye streams !

Your charms no more my thoughts relieve;
Too soft your gales, too bright your beams,
For him whose heart must grieve.

1781.

A SUPPOSED SCENE

IN

MACBETH.

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

The Scene represents an Apartment in the Palace, with a Couch, on which Lady Macbeth is discovered sleeping. The Chorus, composed of Virgins, her Attendants, stand around her, while their Principal stands at some distance from them, nearer the front of the stage. The measures are in many places adapted from the Italian of Metastasio, and the whole scene conducted on the antient plan.

CHORUS.

SLEEP, Affliction's healing balm,
On our Queen now gently lies ;
Long and sweet, Oh! be the calm
Of those woe-wearied eyes.

Breathe

Breathe we now in softest numbers,
Soothing be the varied note,
Slowly rising, gently falling,
Every pow'r of sense entralling;
Round her coy and fleeting slumbers,
Let the murmur float.
Through the air as smoothly flowing,
With alternate-waving heave,
As down of swans, when slow they glide
On limpid streams, in glossy pride,
And fide-long winds are blowing;
Sweet, as when their streams they leave,
The strain with which their parting breath
Salutes th' approaching stroke of death.

PRINCIPAL.

Break, oh! break off ev'ry sound!
See, she starts---her breast she tears---
Virgins, stand aloof around---
See! she raves---she stares---

LADY.

Despairing, confounded,
Where shall I betake me?
With horror surrounded,
In vain shall I fly:
By day thoughts oppress me,
By night spectres shake me---
Distraction possess me,
And mad let me die!

PRINCIPAL.

Calm, O calm thy frantic raging,
Nor thus swell the tides of care;
Trust thy griefs to Time's affuaging,
Which now with patience bear.

LADY.

LADY.

LADY.

With patience?---Deluders!

I seek it---it flies me---

Unfeeling intruders!

Ye know not my woe.

PRINCIPAL.

Bend, O bend, with willing spirit,

To that high Pow'r which all can save;

Tears and pray'rs obtain by merit

What they humbly crave.---

LADY.

Be silent!---Tormentor!

What is't you advise me?

Gape, Earth, to the centre!

Fiends, hurl me below!

See the Mother in agony weeping,
Strains to her breast the dead infant as sleeping,
And points with frowns to it's pitiless wound
Her lips move in silence---her menaces pierce me---
I feel as sinking to earth---that they curse me,
Tho' torn, distracted, I hear not the sound.

CHORUS.

See, where motionless she lies,
Breath the body seems to leave,
Save that she rolls her haggard eyes,
And fobs her bosom heave.

Say, worthy Guide! our youths' example! say--
May our weak judgment deem this languor rest?
Or is it Conscience which exerts her sway,
For secret deeds unwillingly confess?

PRINCIPAL.

PRINCIPAL.

Ask no further---all away---

Here you must no more abide;

Scenes of guilt forbid delay,

Hence!--Be Innocence your guide!

But know, that crimes, howe'er conceal'd,

They for a time may rest unknown,

To Justice are at length reveal'd,

By terrors of their own.

==
1765.
==

HYMN

FROM

THE EUGUBINE TABLE

OF

AIVΦ VNVZE

I.

RAISE aloft, ye sons of woe,

Raise at once your arms in air!

Let them fall with ruthless blow,

Smite ye your bosoms in despair:

Now to your urns the flame apply,

Give to your incense breath,

Awake its fires, and with it blend

Desolation's piercing cry;

That Heav'n some healing aid may send,

May save our souls from death.

I

Shout

II.

Shout aloud in frantic sound,
 Ye choirs attendant; strain the throat,
 In Sorrow's agonizing note;
 Bear, bear, ye Priests, the fatal urns around;
 See, brethren, see, the flame expires,
 In parted columns, lo! it flies;
 Your incense gives no more its fires,
 It trembles---sinks---it dies.

III.

Weep, weep, ye children, curs'd by Fate,
 So soon your lot of woe to share;
 Ye virgins, rend your loosen'd hair;
 Ye matrons, dash your fillets to the ground:
 Twice, and again, let shrieks resound,
 The wrath of Heav'n to deprecate;
 To pray'rs and vows unite your tears---
 The wrath of Heav'n in ev'ry sign appears.

IV.

Shout, shout again,
 In mournful strain,
 Ye daughters of the land; lament
 The ruin'd fields,
 Whose harvest yields
 No more the blessings of your labour spent:
 Noxious vapours, sultry steams,
 Taint the vallies, dry the streams,
 The earth no more prolific warmth imbibes;
 In parching thirst the furrows pine,
 Our ears of corn their heads decline,
 And Nature mourns her desolated tribes.

V.

Where is the lovely plant, which us'd to rear,
 Its blossoms to the rising year?
 Where is the flow'r, delighted to impart
 Its fragrance to the fainting heart?

Repeated

Repeated ruin lays them low ;
Repeated be your strains of woe ;
Our tasteful vines, our needful grain,
Uncull'd, unripe, unreap'd remain ;
Our forests mourn their pride ;
No more our flocks, our herds repose
Beneath their shade, the foliage dried
No dew of Morning knows.

VI.

Thrice hath the Sun in fell career,
Driv'n his wild courfers o'er th' affrighted year,
Thrice from their hissing manes
Hath he, with angry reins,
Shook bick'ring fires, to waste the verdant plains,
Now let your dismal song,
In thunder roll these vaults along,
With livid arms high-rais'd in air,
Row on the vessel of your dark despair !

Almighty

VII.

Almighty Father! Everlasting Jove!

Loft are the honors of thy shrine;

O Thou! who rul'st supreme above,

Spurn not below thy rites divine!

Take from thy servants thy afflicting hand!

Revive the treasures of the land!

Give thou to us, in bounteous store,

What we in sacrifice to thee restore!

VIII.

Ye sacred Sires, to earth bow down

Your aged heads,

While dust bespreads

Those hoary locks which garlands use to crown!

If the trembling limbs of age,

Can thy pitying look engage--

Manly strength, or virgin grace,

Guileless smiles, which in the face

Of

Of infants play---if these can move
Thy sacred breast, command, O Jove!
The earth to shake, the skies to nod,
And while we kneel,
O let us feel
Th' auspicious sign of an assenting God!

IX.

Now bend we all, of ev'ry age!
In fervent pray'r,
Invoke the care
Of Him, who can alone our ills assuage;
With added flames your urns supply,
And may the more propitious rays,
Collected in one mass of blaze,
In spires direct ascend a fav'ring sky!

X.

Hear, Sov'ran Jove! let Earth display
Her verdant robe, in rich array;

Let flow'rs arise,

In vermeil dyes,

To form a wreath upon thy festal day:

Let flocks, let herds, indulgent feed,

Within thy temples doom'd to bleed:

Give the stream its living course,

So from its untainted source

Shall our libations flow;

Call the spikenard's balmy gale,

Nor disdain the sweets t' inhale

Which on thy altars glow.

XI.

Banish from this region far

The rage of each malignant star;

Clear the Moon's now lurid ray,

Give the cheering light of day:

Thus,

Thus, while our tears and cries we blend,
 Withdraw each plague, each blessing fend!
 Oh! be thy might rever'd, thy help implor'd!
 Let thy suppliant vot'ries prove,
 While Mercy sheathes the sword,
 By terror less than thankful love,
 The fost'ring Father, in the Sov'ran Lord!!!

1783.

HYMN

FROM

AN INSCRIPTION ON A MUMMY.

STROPHE.

FAREWELL! and may the friendly gate
Of bright Ofiris joyfully receive

Thy winged soul, which hastes to leave
Its earthly load, to meet a purer state!

May the three-fold Pow'rs, whose charge
Is fix'd to guide th' irrevocable barge,

Convey thee safe, with gentle hand,
Where the decrees of Fate command!

K

May

May He, who walks with step unseen
 Thro' vast creation's paths, on thee bestow
 A life, unlike to that which mortals know,
 Unbounded and serene!

O Apis! and thou Ray divine
 Who giv'st the Sun's prolific beam to shine!

Accept our pray'r,
 And let thy care

Thro' ev'ry change, attract his steps to turn
 To that celestial urn,

From whose transparent, unexhausted Source,
 Above, below, in earth, in heav'n,
 Wherever life or light is giv'n,

The stream of blessing rolls its ample course;
 There, watch'd by Hempta's sleepless eye,
 Let Contemplation's silent pow'r

Seraphic flumbers round him show'r,
 And charm his soul with fancied extasy;

Then let him wake, and with astonish'd view,
 Find, 'mid the blessed choirs, Sleep's glowing
 image true!

ANTISTROPHE

Still may he live the life above,
 In mingled essence with his God supreme,
 Nor Contemplation drop the theme
 Of truth and mercy, gratitude and love!

Far be all the pow'rs malign,
 Who dread the sight of Thoth's terrific sign;
 The cross, with potent circle crown'd,
 The mystic Hieralph profound.—

But see! they stop---they fear---they fly---
 Loud in their ears the name portentous rings---
 Hush'd is the rustling of their murky wings,
 Drown'd their funereal cry.

When ev'ry stain of mortal clay
 Thy intellectual vase hath purg'd away,

Link'd to the chain

Which holds the train
 Of friendly spirits in thy purer skies,
 Great Hemphtha, let him rise.

May

May no inferior joys seduce his view
From those which, in his blisful sphere,
Enchant his eye, delight his ear,
Nor taint the fragrance of thy heav'nly dew!
Still may his soul keep watchful guard;
And, gaining wings of firmer flight,
Aspire to some superior height,
Some nearer zone of more intense reward—
Wings which, extended wide, in bright array,
With endless motion move, nor feel their strength
decay!

EPODE.

Let ev'ry pow'r of his enlighten'd soul
In beatific trance be join'd
To that supreme, transcendent Mind,
His ardent center, his triumphant goal:
Let no earthly stains arise
From foul desire of that which dies,

The reptile's abject prey,
To cloud the path, or dim the fire
Which blazes in the conic spire
Of Heav'n's descending ray !
But in the dark abyss of time,
When round it's base the pyramid has roll'd,
And new-born ages their long train unfold,
If to this earth's corrupted clime
He must return, by Fate's behest,
Oh! free from each polluted stain,
May this his dark recess remain,
And friendly pow'rs protect the house of rest !

==
1769.
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H Y M N
ON THE
OPHI-CYCLO-PTERO-MORPHIC SIGN
WITH OTHER HIEROGLYPHICS,
AS COMBINED IN
AN AMULET ON A SEAL.

MYSTERIOUS symbol of the Pow'r supreme!
Abyss to man, to angels awful theme!
Where they desire with holy zeal to gaze,
But veil their eyes, too feeble, from the rays!
Ægyptian learning has in thee combin'd
The cause, means, purpose, of th' eternal Mind—
That learning known to Moses from the race
Of Ham, whose sons Time's eldest records trace

The sphere of pow'r, whose center is not found,
The vast circumference, disdaining bound; 10
Sole, self-deriv'd, nor ending, nor begun;
The one in many, many in the one;
Whence, beyond space or time, to high or low,
Faith, reason, instinct, life, existence, flow;
Fount of the stream which fills exhaustless urns,
Whence all proceeds, and whither all returns;
In whom we live, we move, we being have,
From the womb's darkness, to Death's gloomy
grave:

Who moving all things, art thyself at rest,
And all things blessing, in thyself art blest: 20
Father of perfect forms, in whom alone
The truth of each apparent type is known:

Now in the Serpents, who each year renew
Their folds, we life's depictur'd image view;
Successive life in each inconstant frame,
One essence changing still, yet still the same;

Phoenix

Phoenix unfeign'd, which unextinguish'd burns,
 And in death sinking, still to life returns;
 Congenial wisdom, in whose balance weigh'd,
 All things by delegated pow'r were made; 30
 Mirror, where faithful to the mental sight,
 Reflected forms return transcendent light;
 Efficient word, by sov'reign will convey'd,
 Which spake, and all things the command obey'd:

Last, by his wings, which o'er creation brood,
 Is trac'd the Spirit, guarding ev'ry good;
 Beneath whose fost'ring warmth, and shelt'ring
 shade,

Thy love to all thy creatures is display'd;
 That love, which dove-like spreads its silver
 plumes,

And brightest ardours to itself assumes, 40
 In beings three-fold rang'd, from body free,
 To man, where body and where soul agree;
 And last, where matter, void of sense or thought,
 Is with inert submission only fraught.

Thou

Thou on each obelisk of sculptur'd stone,
Thou on each mummy's painted breast art shown;
Thou on the portals of each hallow'd fane
Appear'st, where eldest Thebes once held her
reign :

Where pow'r, with wisdom, and with love unite,
In three-fold flame of undivided light ; 50
Nor rests thy mystic amulet unknown,
Where first the Sun ascends his eastern throne;
From Nile to Indus, Indus to the stream
Of Ganges, where the Brahmins hail his beam;
To northern Bactra, where in regal state,
Join'd to the priesthood, Zoroaster fate,
Thence sent his magi to realms distant far,
To bear the radiance of his living star:
Nor ev'n doth China, vers'd in science old,
Taught by Confucius, the great type withhold ; 60
Where abstract characters are found to fail,
And forms concrete significant prevail;
Whose banners, thus to learned eyes unfurl'd,
Connect the distant regions of the world,

From where Japan its rule by blood maintain'd,
To where Peruvia's milder Incas reign'd:

Sceptre of Hermes, whose conducting sway
In pomp of death departed souls obey;

In hand of Mercury, Caduceus nam'd,
By arts of younger Greece more graceful
fram'd;

Greece, who from Egypt, with ungrateful pride,
Stole all she knew, and then the theft denied;

But gave to ev'ry legend, false or true,
A line more perfect, and a brighter hue;

From fabled Orpheus, to the Samian sage,

And Plato rich in his high-sacred page,

Ador'd in thought by each illumin'd mind,

Trinity single, Unity combin'd.

Nor let the Hier-Alph in silence rest,

Whose scourge repels, by its sublime behest, 80

Each earth-born fiend, by baleful Typhon sent,

To wreak on wretched man his dire intent;

Fell

Fell pow'r! which Persia Arimanius names,
 While Oromazes glows in Mithra's flames;
 One source of evil, one the fount of good,
 Confest in varied types, misunderstood;
 Prometheus, who to earth heav'n's fire convey'd,
 Psyche, too curious, by her search betray'd;
 Pandora's chest, whence issued to mankind,
 An host of ills, while hope remain'd behind; 90
 The tree of knowledge, cause of fatal strife,
 Of knowledge punish'd with the loss of life,
 But life restor'd—but here, inquire no more,
 Heav'n's love, with thankful hope, by faith adore.
 Faith, which confirms our trust where reason ends,
 Hope, which to more than mortal bliss ascends;
 While charity, which warms each social breast,
 By blessing others, most itself is blest:
 By faith, the Father undefin'd appears,
 By hope, the Son subdues our guilty fears, 100
 By Spirit, aid, and holy strength is giv'n,
 And love to man becomes the guide to heav'n;
 Love, which on earth good-will and peace displays,
 And glory gives to God in highest praise.

The sign by old Etruscan augurs worn,
 The bended staff by Pagan pontiffs borne;
 And hence the shepherd's crook, of papal pride,
 Whose daring steps her flocks to error guide.

Here the Papilio, thro' revolving years
 With deathless life, in seeming death appears; 110
 In sleep retires within her silken tomb,
 Then soars exulting in her final doom.
 But see the potent cross of Thoth renown'd,
 Where o'er the four-fold elements around,
 One perfect circle rules; and last attend
 To bonds which heav'n and earth in contest blend;
 The flames descending, emanation pure,
 To purge the dross whose fumes the beam obscure;
 Till the ray sinks, ingulph'd in darkest night,
 Or shade is lost in realms of cloudless night. 120

Such is the learning of remotest days,
 Deliver'd, or reveal'd in mystic phrase;
 Where the Muse pauses on th' abyfs profound,
 And gives to hieroglyphic sense a sound;

A sound

found perceiv'd alone by purest ears,
 sense known only where true light appears;
 that mystic circle-serpent-winged sign,
 there means, with cause, and with effect combine;
 and thence ascends to that eternal throne,
 there all in all, supreme, ONE reigns alone;
 there all, which was, is, will be, each conspire,
 Jehovah, Spirit, Shiloh, Son, and Sire!

1798.

LYRIC

LYRIC STANZAS

THE WORKS OF ANN RADCLIFFE



RADCLIFFE! thy pen the mind appals,
 Or wakes the sympathetic tear,
 Where spectres glide along the walls,
 And Sorrow paces cloysters drear;

Or where its strength o'er rocks and floods,
 We prove, as savage nature lours,
 Mid yawning caverns, waving woods,
 Where tyrant Force has fix'd its tow'rs.

Hush! heard you not that feeble cry—
That whisper stealing on the ear?
Look! did you not the gleams descry,
As now they shine, now disappear?

; 'twas the wind, in passing crost,
Thro' crevices, whose murmurs creep—
; 'twas the moon, in clouds now lost,
And now reflected from the deep.

ark! louder grows the wild uproar,
And bolts are drawn with grating jar,
The torch-light shews the bloody floor,
As hands unseen the doors unbar.

; thro' the pile the thunders roll,
And from their hinges shake the gates;
; tis the lightning, to the soul
Which fancied forms of fear creates.

But

But ah! too certain is the fight—
Too true the baleful visions glare!
The scream is drown'd by dumb affright,
And man does all which demons dare.

See! see! where Murder lifts the steel,
Or holds the deadly poison'd bowl—
Revenge, which can no pity feel,
And Pride, whose sway no pray'rs controul:

Where Guilt assumes the bigot vest,
In darkness to conceal its face,
While Horror, of itself impress'd,
In ev'ry pausing step we trace.

Come forth, Schedoni! fiend abhor'd,
Thy form be seen, as heard thy voice;
Start from thy cowl, and let thy word
Declare aloud thy silent choice.

While the Marchesa trembles still,
To make thy guilty with her deed;
The blood of innocence to spill,
Tho' by thy hand thy child should bleed.

In virtuous Love, Vivaldi bold,
Your fury scorns, your frown defies;
Truth her strong tow'r keeps uncontroul'd,
And Falsehood, self-defeated, flies.

Disclose your bars, ye gloomy cells,
Thro' winding vaults conduct our feet,
Where cruel Superstition dwells,
And Horror holds her fable feat.

Thus o'er the page our eyes we throw,
Where injur'd Virtue heaves the groan,
And in the search of others' woe,
The wretched seek to lose their own.

While Fancy soars in wildest flight,
Or Terror wears its darkest shade,
Man finds the truth,—the fearful night
Of horrors he himself has made.

Nor deem ye vain the dismal tale,
Which paints the bloody thought and deed!
But shows, tho' crimes may long prevail,
That punishment shall still succeed:

Nor less reveals, how'er severe
The pang afflicted Virtue knows,
That conscious Merit dries the tear,
And Comfort's healing balm bestows;

If not on earth, in realms more bright,
Where roses blow without a thorn:—
“Tho' weeping may endure the night,
“The shout of joy salutes the morn.”

Psalms xxxii.

ELEGIES.

RELIGIOUS

No
A
Dr,
W
Tyr
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ELEGIES.

ELEGY.

No more let man, with self-sufficient pride,
 Assert the boundless freedom of his heart,
 Or, vainly-daring, in his strength confide,
 When love has aim'd th' inevitable dart :

Tyrants may bend their angry brows in vain,
 When steadfast virtue has possess'd the soul;
 Their empty threats the brave and wise disdain,
 But all submit to mighty Love's controul.

Deep in my bosom hath he fix'd his throne,
Since first my Delia caught my ravish'd eyes,
I saw, and yielding bow'd to her alone,
While on her anchor Hope but half relies.

No magic spells, though dreary tempests lour,
And howling whirlwinds their command obey,
Can rule the heart with such resistless pow'r,
As what the beauties of her form display.

How vain each purpose of the human mind,
When Fate th' irrevocable doom ordains!
Hither I came for freedom unconfin'd,
And here, alas! I pine away in chains:

Hither I came to breathe the purer air,
And taste that peace no cities can impart;
But, O, what change!—the worst of labours there
Perplex the head, but not enslave the heart.

Once could my eye, by ev'ry beauty caught,
On various nymphs in admiration gaze;
Delia alone now fills my constant thought:
No voice is grateful, but what speaks her praise.

No more the tabor, with enliv'ning sound,
Nor pipe of shepherd, tun'd to soft delight,
Nor festive dances, in their varied round,
In me the sense of sportive mirth excite:

Not oftner Zephyr in the summer skies,
Pants on the bosom of his fav'rite trees,
Than from my breast heave unremitted sighs,
Striving the burthen of the heart to ease:

From gather'd clouds not faster fall the show'rs,
When Winter awes the world with stormy sway,
Than down my cheek the gushing torrent pours,
When tears unbidden force their sudden way:

Then,

Then, mighty Pow'r! restore my peace of mind!
 Give back those pleasures which no tortures
 prove—
 Or let my Delia, not more fair than kind,
 Grant me the blessing of a mutual love!

1760.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

THE crimson robe investing mighty kings,
The crown they wear, the sceptre which they
wield,

To me no thought of pride or envy brings,
Nor in possession would one comfort yield.

Tho' streams of wealth in ample tide should flow,
Tho' Fame my brow with laurel should adorn,
No rest from anguish would my bosom know,
Nor grief withdraw its penetrating thorn:

N

No,

No, rather far be mine the soothing joy,
To lie reclin'd upon a bank of flow'rs,
And pass in pleasures which nor change nor cloy,
Intent on Delia, my unnotic'd hours.

While round us, free from want, secure from
harm,

The flocks in tranquil innocence should feed,
And swains the list'ning ear of Echo charm,
With native warblings of the rustic reed.

Ye simple joys, best known to rural life,
Your dear deserts how shall I duly sound?
Where to his vot'ries love permits no strife,
But in whose breast the firmest faith is found:

There Venus, ruling in her lovely state,
Binds on consenting hearts her tender chain;
And while around united graces wait,
The loves with waving wings applaud her reign.

But here, distracted by the tumult loud
Of swarming cities, I my woes augment;
To me alone amid th' encircling crowd,
No fav'ring gale of commerce breathes content;

Alike when morning shews its blushing ray,
Alike when ev'ning spreads its sober shade,
In hope deferr'd, I waste the ling'ring day,
The night in wishes for my absent maid.

Must I despairing then resign the charms,
When to my Delia's bosom fondly prest,
I woke to rapture in her folding arms,
Or sunk in dreams of visionary rest?

Let Time and Fortune, with impetuous blast,
The present pile of happiness destroy;
Lock'd in the sacred treasures of the past,
The bliss I have possess'd I still enjoy.

But

But Hope, that flatters none but wretched love,
 Points to her anchor, and indulgent says,
 "Time may on whiter wing hereafter move,
 "Then close thine eyes, and dream on better
 "days."

 1795.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

EAR, thou tender Advocate of Love!
Oft Elegy! and grant thy vot'ry's pray'r!
From thy drooping brow all care remove,
Oppress thy sighs, and dry the falling tear.

Did I crave not to lament my woe,
This fond bosom from despair to guard;
Come now, while I in transport show
Passion's progress, and its sweet reward.

Rivals!

Rivals! submit—your weak attempts are vain,
 With gentle love my Delia's heart to warm;
 With conq'ring ease she breaks each brittle chain
 Whilst I alone possess the secret charm.

On you with just disdain she coldly frowns,
 Whose wish, unguarded, wounds her modest ear
 My constant vows with mutual love she crowns
 And smiling listens to my humble pray'r.

Sweet is the lark's shrill note, when in the morn
 Soaring in ecstasy, she claps her wings—
 Still sweeter Philomel, with woe forlorn,
 When thro' the night her solemn lay she sings

But nor the Lark's, nor Philomela's song,
 Convey such pleasing transports to my breast
 As the sweet accents of my Delia's tongue,
 When she says half, and bids me guess the rest

polish'd brass, or marble bust, impart
To future ages the dead hero's fame;
Your lovely form is stamp'd upon my heart—
That tablet sacred to my Delia's name.

Long ere I spoke, my eyes the flame reveal'd
Which in my bosom glow'd with constant fire;
Long in my breast the passion lay conceal'd;
Nor dar'd my tongue pronounce my heart's
desire:

On that tender hand my lips I prest,
And sighing, silent strove to show my pain;
I have I clasp'd it to my beating breast,
To tell her what was there—but all in vain.

At last I fled unto the Muse for aid;
She to my earnest vows propitious prov'd;
By her assisted, I the task essay'd,
And trembling told my Delia that I lov'd.

With

With smiles relenting she receiv'd the lay,
And read what long her conscious heart had
known,
Then with a blush resign'd Pride's haughty sway,
Confess'd her love, and bow'd to Cupid's
throne.

Blest as I am with all my wish can frame,
This sole petition I to Heav'n address—
That I still more may feel the gentle flame,
Nor she, with mutual ardour, love me less!

1760.

ELEGY.



PALINODIA,

GREAT Love! I yield:—thy mightier force prevails—

Vain my resentment, my resistance vain;
Again thy pow'r my captive heart assails,
And I once more embrace my Delia's chain.

How short the anger of a lover's mind!
How weak a succour disappointed pride!
Then softer thoughts present the fair one kind
And fond remembrance stems the raging tide.

In

In vain may tempests, with tyrannic force,
Back from its bed divert the troubled stream;
In time, the waves regain their wonted course,
And calmly glitter in the sun's gay beam.

Peace had extended her white wings in flight,
And left my breast to discontent a prey;
No slumbers sooth'd the terrors of the night,
No joy beguil'd the tedious length of day.

No tow'ring thoughts my grov'ling soul inspir'd,
That noble phrenzy whence my love began;
Firm truth and virtue from my sight retir'd,
And down I sunk, mere, mortal, abject man.

Oh! where on earth can he a pleasure find,
Whose heart th' extatic sweets of love hath
known,
When in the jarring chaos of his mind,
The gentle God no longer holds his throne?

Thus airy ghosts in sorrow silent glide
Thro' the known mansion where they once
were blest,
Impatient hov'ring round on ev'ry side,
Then vanish, wearied in the search of rest.

ELEGY.

But now, once more the gen'rous flame I feel,
By quick degrees, my glowing bosom warm,
Again faith, truth, and tendernefs, reveal
In Delia's love their undivided charm.

Back to your dens, ye sullen Imps of hell!
Back to your flames, disturbers of my rest!
And let my lyre in softest numbers tell,
That I again am hers---again am blest.

1762.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

Now had the Sun, adorn'd in crimson state,
Beneath the western hills conceal'd his head,
And Night advancing in her tranquil gait,
O'er Nature's face her sable mantle spread:

Now was the various hum of traffic still,
And toil reposing, left the passage free;
Silence and Night my earnest wish fulfil,
" And leave the world to Delia and to me."

With longing speed, on Love's light wings I fly,
Where, happy roof! my beauteous Queen
resides;

At sight of her joy kindles in my eye,
And thro' each vein the thrilling rapture glides.

With doubtful fear (true love is never bold),

By slow degrees I grasp that lovely hand;
Delighted more in mine that hand to hold,
Than wield a sceptre o'er a subject land.

Encourag'd now by an assenting smile,

My head I gently on her bosom lay:
Hither, ye Monarchs! bring your conquer'd spoil,
And to that throne your adoration pay!

More fraught with real blifs, and surer far,
Than that whence Monarchs impotently frown,
Whose shallow basis Fortune's stroke *may* jar,
And Time at last *will* level with the ground:

But on that throne which I alone possess,
Time's pow'r I brave, and Fortune's rage I dare;
Time cannot make love still increasing less,
Nor Fortune crush what she ne'er help'd to rear.
First then to Cupid, author of my flame,
To Delia next with willing knees I bend,
That she her love may still preserve the same,
Nor he his wonted favour cease to lend.

1760.

ELEGY.

O blessed Spirits! whom the storms of care,
At last have guided to your heav'n of rest!
Where the rewards of constant truth you share,
By past misfortunes more intensely blest:

to whom Death, tyrannic over all,
With baffled fury bows, defeated, low;
No rear your triumphs on what work'd your fall,
And gain by Death, what Life could not bestow.

Bend

Bend for awhile from those abodes of peace,
Nor think my troubles will that peace destroy;
Ills which we prove not our content increase,
And Pity feels a sadly-pleasing joy.

Not more the colours of the Peacock's plumes,
Nor those which glitter in the summer's show'r,
Than are the shapes imperious Love assumes,
When proudly sure he wantons with his pow'r.

Beneath the sportive garb of easy joy,
His strongest snares the wily God conceal'd,
Rais'd high my hopes, my reason to decoy;
Then, where I thought to triumph, made me
yield.

Short my mistake; as short is error's blaze,
Where Truth around her dazzling beams hath
cast.

To future hopes my eyes I dar'd not raise,
But sought in fear forgiveness for the past.

short her anger; for the gen'rous mind
Rejects not sternly the repentant pray'r;
Mercy and Innocence are still combin'd,
While conscious Guilt its like will never spare.

But, ah, to me in vain she mercy shews,
Pity, nay Love, augments the pangs I feel;
Hope's brightest beam must fail to cheer my woes,
Since Fate wounds deeper than her wish can
heal.

Am I then lost?—Avaunt, ungrateful thought!
Offspring of wild impatience and despair!
Not the mind with soft remembrance fraught,
To lull with past enjoyment present care?

Like Hero thus, whose weak, defenceless arm,
By Time unnerv'd, no more the spear can wield,
He but hears the trumpet's shrill alarm,
Laments that age which keeps him from the
field;

But soon recalling to his mind, with pride,
The bold achievements of his youthful days
Resign'd, he checks his grief's impetuous tide,
And counts the triumphs of his well-earn'd
praise.

1764.

ELEGY.

FAR from the world, and all its idle toys,
 Short fleeting prelude to long scenes of woe;
 Wrap'd in itself my mind that bliss enjoys,
 Which Love and Delia can alone bestow.

With unavailing tears let man bemoan
 The shatter'd hope which from his folly flies;
 Unmov'd I hear the well-deserved groan,
 And cannot pity where I must despise.

On

On wealth, on fame, on pow'r, and gaudy state,
His dazzled mind had fix'd its little care;
I soar above whate'er the world calls great,
And make no wish but for my lovely fair.

O happy state! when lost in thought profound.
With arms extended, and aspiring eyes,
With changing pace, I tread th' unnotic'd ground
And fancy wraps the soul in ecstasies!

Fate *then* in vain asserts its stern controul,
Grief bursts in vain with agonizing cry,
Despair in vain looks wild with haggard scowl,
And human ills stalk unregarded by.

Sympathy now imparts her magic aid,
And gives my fair one to my aching sight;
Starting, I grasp the bright ideal shade,
And frantic glow with tyrannous delight.

Hark!—Did I hear?—Or did the silver sound,
In melting murmurs steal upon my ear?
did not err; for still, above, around,
Her accents float upon the liquid air.

fast lock'd in mine, her snowy hand I grasp,
And fold her yielding beauties in my arms,
Will Nature's pow'rs, subdued by Fancy, gasp,
Mortal, oppress'd by her immortal charms.

ous high I soar above the vulgar fight,
Upborne on bright Imagination's wing,
and taste in Delia's love that pure delight,
Which *she* alone can teach *her* bard to sing.

1762.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

CEASE, cease, my friend, your unavailing care,
 Nor *your* affliction to *my* sorrows join;
 Tears cannot heal the pang of fell despair,
 Nor words appease a grief so fix'd as mine.

Let mad Ambition's, or weak Fortune's fools
 Their anguish sooth with charms of idle sound
 Mine, unrestrain'd by such submissive rules,
 That hand alone can cure which gave the wound

Inconstant Fortune's look may still be kind
And Time's long scythe depress the boasting foe;
But fondest Hope in vain would seek to find
One doubtful period of my lasting woe.

Still I behold the same unvaried scene,
Which way soever I my thoughts employ;
Condemn'd to think on what I might have been—
What am—and what I never can enjoy.

Tho' sad the task, yet often sadness finds
In soft remembrance an assuaging balm;
Short-liv'd delusion of afflicted minds!
When fiercer storms succeed the fleeting calm.

Let me once more review the fatal morn,
(Ah, luckless hour! whence all my troubles
came!)

Then at her feet, with hopeless sorrow torn,
And trembling lips, I first reveal'd my flame:

She

She heard attentive till grief stop'd my tongue,
When mute I sunk in agonizing woe;
While o'er me she in pity graceful hung,
And down her cheeks the tears began to flow,

For me she wept :---and can relentless Fate
Behold *her* shed the precious drops in vain?
But cease---nor further the sad tale relate,
Since joy once flown becomes redoubled pain.

The sailor thus, with bosom fill'd with joy,
Sees to his wish the long-sought haven rise,
While tend'rest thoughts of home his mind employ,
And Hope already paints them to his eyes;

When sudden tempests, with resistless force,
Back to the main the shatter'd vessel bear,
No more he strives to guide its dang'rous course,
But sinks, the helpless victim of despair.

ELEGY.

HITHER, ye sad departed Spirits! come,
 Whose yielding hearts Love's barbed shafts have
 torn;
 Leave for awhile the dark and silent tomb,
 And flit around, while I my sorrows mourn.

Soon, soon, alas! like you borne down with care,
 My wearied soul shall take its willing flight—
 Soon to the realms of dreary Death repair,
 And glide with you beneath the shade of night.

Success, which crowns the ardent Lover's toil,
Serves but to make my sorrows faster flow,
Since the kind glance, and fond assenting smile,
Must for their loss create more pungent woe.

O fatal triumph! with vain laurels crown'd,
Laurels tho' chaste, yet not from thunder freed
How did my panting heart with transport bound,
Alas! unknowing that it soon must bleed,

Shall I no more, absorb'd in silent trance,
Gaze on the charms of Delia's awful face?
Where, to the terror of Minerva's glance,
Love's potent Queen has join'd each winning
grace,

Torn from the seat where all my joys reside,
—Lonely I roam in arched cloysters drear;
Day's tardy course with restless grief I chide,
And mark each foot-step with a falling tear.

Soon as still Night her solemn veil has spread,
And wearied Nature sinks in balmy sleep,
The frightened God deserts my loathsome bed,
And my sad eyes incessant vigils keep.

Or if by chance my wearied eyelids close,
In momentary dream I grasp my fair,
Some envious start disturbs the soft repose,
And the lov'd Shade retiring melts in air.

Nature, give way! and let me sink to rest,
Since length of life affords but longer grief;
Be speedy, Death! and grant my poor request,
Thou Friend of Sorrow, and my sole relief!

1761.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

CHECK for awhile thy transport's rapid course,
 And calmly listen to my votive strain;
 Sincere's the wish that flows from sorrow's source,
 And guiltless Grief implores not Heav'n in vain.

Then who so certain of the promis'd joys?
 Thy brilliant hopes what fortune can defeat?
 When in thy cause that heart its vow employs
 Where Grief has fix'd her everlasting seat.

ay ev'ry scene, which now before thy mind
Prophetic Hope in splendour calls to rise,
life hereafter their perfection find,
And truth for once fond fancy realize!

er may thy bliss its ample current cease,
As waves on waves their glitt'ring race pursue!
ill may the night be harbinger of peace,
And rising Phœbus ev'ry joy renew!

ese are the sweets thy happy fate ordains;
These the rewards of thy successful love:
hile all the comfort that with me remains
Is—to wish others what I ne'er can prove.

racking thought! whilst thou, in soft repose
On that dear bosom lovest ev'ry care,
o gentle hand my weeping eyes shall close,
No soothing smile shall calm my wild despair.

Like

Like you I lov'd—like your's, the gen'rous fair
Return'd each ardour with as bright a flame:
But, ah! sad diff'rence! tofs'd, the sport of air,
Our joys are flown, while yours are still the
same.

Yet, yet, O think not I from envy write!
Pleas'd at thy fortune, I lament my own;
And all I crave this labour to requite,
Is both to pity what you've neither known,

1761.

ELEGY

ON THE RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS.

~~~~~  
Felix se nescit amari. — LUCAN, l. 7. v. 727.  
~~~~~

Soft'ring gales! which thro' the temper'd air,
Around me sport on aromatic wing,
That joy to hear your wanton flight declare
Stern Winter yielding to the birth of Spring!

ail glorious Sun! conceal'd in clouds no more,
Whose op'ning rays their genial vigour dart,
Feel thy warmth my shatter'd pow'rs restore,
And aid the pulses of my lab'ring heart.

Nor

Nor owe I less to Thee, whose milder beams,
From storms secure, now cheer the gloom
night,

While Thought in rapture o'er my fancy stream
Inspir'd by Silence, and thy virgin light.

The force of Nature, in her rising charms,
By all with grateful ardour is confest ;
But most their hearts the soft enchantment warms
Whom Pain and pale Disease have long oppress

With rapture them each spreading branch inspires
Whose redd'ning buds the promis'd leaves reveals
Their thoughts each shrub and gaudy flower
And in their life returning life they feel.

To them the Lark, while pois'd in air she floats
Their present bliss records in wildest strains
To them the Nightingale, in plaintive notes,
Tells the sad story of their former pains.

With eager steps, at dawn of rising day,
They meet the Sun on some aspiring hill,
Or watch at eve the Moon's serener ray,
Confus'dly trembling on some secret rill.

Such are the joys which, sickness past, we know,
Whose health perpetual knows not how to taste:
Fickle state of happiness below!
When in possession all our bliss we waste.

Tell, ye wretches! at whose bed, like mine,
Sickness hath fix'd her melancholy stand,
How all the distress it is in pain to pine,
Nor feel the pressure of Sleep's downy hand;

To count the hours which limp on leaden feet,
Or in wild phrenzy their swift flight to lose;
To glow in flames of life-exhausting heat,
Or melt in torrents of faint, chilly, dews;

R

Or,

Or, when at last the dire distemper flies,
And, wearied out, we quit the loathsome bed,
With nerves unbrac'd, and languid looks to rise
Doubtful among the living or the dead;

To feel the pow'rs of memory impair'd,
Our senses torpid, our attention weak;
To dread their flight who most our love have shar'd
More childish grown than ere we learn'd to speak

Yet, when is man so wretched, or so blest,
That no mischance can wound, or comfort cheer
Midst all the languors of my panting breast,
Some gentle sounds approach my trembling ear

'Tis Mira's voice—a voice whose soothing power
Might still the ravings of a frantic mind,
Or hush the sorrows of the mournful hour,
Which seeks that comfort it despairs to find.

Let Grandeur act the flatter'd Patron's part,
Protection give to raise itself a name,
Great in the treasure of a feeling heart,
Friend to the wretched is thy nobler fame.

O gentlest fair one! my true thanks receive,
Still in this heart thy kindest aid shall live;
And if, as mortal, thou art doom'd to grieve,
May some fond friend thy own soft comfort give!

Nor is this all—one dearer theme remains,
Which shuns the praises of a public lay,
The Muse in silence checks the willing strains,
And fears by words her gratitude to pay.

Nor let me here forget, with thankless mind,
Th' unwearied watches of a Mother's care;
Who for my rest her own repose resign'd,
And for my health forgot her own to spare.

What

What unknown Pow'r, in such a feeble frame,
O'er toils so long and numberless prevail'd?
'Twas Love more strong than Death, whose constant flame
Upheld the parent, when the woman fail'd.

Nor shall thy skill, sagacious Webb! remain
Without its honours in this grateful lay;
By whom the Muse, no more the slave of pain,
This thankful tribute holds the pow'r to pay.

With piercing foresight, and with judgment sure,
Thy art trac'd Nature thro' her various strife,
Watch'd ev'ry symptom, and with aptest cure,
Recall'd the pow'rs of nigh exhausted life.

Great tho' my suff'rings, greatly are they paid,
When counting o'er each kindness which I
prov'd,

I feel a friend in ev'ry tender aid;—

“The happy know not how they are belov'd.”

in vain may Wrong, with rudest Insult join'd,
Affault the gen'rous Soul with impulse weak;
While Kindness softens the most stedfast mind,
And tears unwonted bathe the manly cheek:

ears, without whose relief, the wild excess
Of good or evil would alike destroy;
are streams, which warm the chill of deep distress,
And cool the transport of tyrannic joy.

ther of Life! whose arm with equal pow'r,
And equal kindness, can depress or raise,
complete the blessing thou hast deign'd to show'r,
And grant increasing worth to lengthen'd days!

grant me still to trust thy tender care!
In humble praise to use this added breath!
health the innocence of sickness wear,
And keep thro' life the sober thoughts of death!

THE

THE ENTHUSIAST.

WHY? in this vale of misery and tears,
This world, the prison of the captive soul;
Where Virtue most in Sorrow's garb appears,
Striving with pain to reach her distant goal;

Where at each step temptations cross our way,
From aims high fix'd to draw aside our eyes,
And thro' the circle of Life's little day,
Scarce leave us pow'r to be or good or wise

Where mingling duties blend their various light,
To stop our vessel in its mid career;
And lost in clouds of Error's gloomy night,
Distracted action knows not where to steer?

Why, in this scene of tumult, strife, and woe,
Why does the first, the great uncaused Cause
Still on the soul the noble pow'r bestow,
To learn his precepts, and to love his laws?

Why does the mind, with rising transport, gaze
On beauty rising, by its just ascent,
From faintest glimmer to its brightest rays,
And fixing only find its true content?

Why does the heart with painful pleasure glow,
When fair and good (unfrequent union!) join?
Why do we pant still more its charms to know,
And prostrate pour our ardours at its shrine?

Since

Since Fate so seldom here permits our choice,
To clothe bright Fancy in the robes of Truth,
When hoarse Misfortune rears her iron voice,
And drowns the whisper'd wishes of our youth.

But let me check this wayward, plaintive strain,
With nicer judgment life's true purpose scan,
Strike pale Confusion thro' weak Folly's train,
“ And justify the ways of God to Man.”

This dreary wild, which falsely life we deem,
Is but a passage, where rude thorns abound,
Where boughs entangled check Light's cheering
beam,
And faithless snares our baffled speed confound.

Still as the blast impetuous beats on high,
The shaken branches wave with horrid roar,
Thro' which a feeble gleam salutes our eye,
Appearing now, and now beheld no more.

When, lo! far distant, on a hill sublime,
 A gorgeous city strikes our ravish'd sight,
 Whose bulwarks scorn the ravages of Time,
 Whose turrets glitter with celestial light.

Wither, reviv'd our rising hopes, we bend,
 Tho' lost awhile, its image still remains;
 To this bright seat our hearts their wishes send;
 Whose prize with palms unfading crowns our
 pains.

CONSCIENCE.



NEAR to a brook, with penfive mind, I fate,
 Beneath the branches of Jove's hallow'd tree,
 Where much I mus'd on Virtue's happy state,
 And ponder'd much on Vice's misery :
 That certain pilot to eternal light,
 This the fure guide to realms of endless night

Methought I felt a gentle flumber steal
 O'er all my limbs, with soft unheeded tread,
 And with light wings my drooping eyelids feal,
 Shedding his poppies o'er my drowfy head :
 Then began Fancy to exert her fway,
 And bright before the mind her forms display.

straight to my view a pleasant vale appear'd,
Where in the midst an antique palace stood,
In massy pillars loftily uprear'd,
Nor e'er by man was such a fabric view'd:
Here Conscience, sov'reign of the secret breast,
Holding her wand, pronounc'd her dread behest.

In princely state she rested on a throne,
While here stood Justice, with impartial scale,
And there bright Truth, in beaming vesture shone,
With lance uprear'd, in posture to assail;
Before her Reason stood, whose sage awards
She, with assenting of Confidence, regards.

Her frown'd her brow, and awful was her mien,
While fix'd Resolve upon her eyelids fate
As of old in Cato might be seen,
When musing on his own and country's fate:
No good to live, to die he bravely chose,
And by his death subdued his deadly foes.

Trembling

Trembling I stood—when sudden to my mind
Each thought, each deed, of former life appear'd
Where, as is common to frail human kind,
Little was hop'd for, much was to be fear'd;
At sight of which tears trickled from my eye,
And bore their witness to my misery.

Still more and more as on her face I gaz'd,
My evil deeds I felt my heart oppress,
And deeper thought but deeper anguish rais'd,
Nor from myself could I receive redress:
When in compassion of my sad estate,
Justice began my sorrows to abate.

- “ Cease, piteous Youth! thy errors to lament,
“ No longer thee let sad remembrance fright;
“ Who see their crimes, and at the sight repent,
“ Deserve my pardon as their lawful right:
“ Tears are Sin's dues, which once sincerely paid
“ Joy fills the breast, and Sorrow's storms are laid

The secret off'rings of repentant tears

"Th' offended Deity receives the best;

Those surest advocates of humble pray'rs,

"Which gain by silence their deserv'd request;

By tears the Sinner from his crimes is freed,

And Sin's disgrace is chang'd for Virtue's meed."

Here Justice ended, and with mild assent,

The sov'reign Dame the sentence sage approv'd;

When from her awful throne her steps she bent,

And bade me follow where she onward mov'd;

Hereafter live," she cried, by Reason's lore;

Now view my pow'r, and dare offend no more."

bow'd submissive, when at last we came

To a dark dungeon, gloomy, deep, and wide,

Which a lamp cast forth its dying flame,

Whose lurid gleams the horrors magnified;

Here, stretch'd on earth, some hapless wretches lay,

Whom'd ne'er to see the sun of cheerful day.

In

In fullen silence some like marble seem'd,
With stony eyeballs rooted on the ground,
Others more fiercely as in torture scream'd,
That mortal ears might scarce abide the sound;
Here Terror held in grisly garb his reign,
With sighs, shrieks, groans, attendant on his train

Some with wild feats, and joyous outward show,
Seem'd bent on sport, and frantic merriment,
While the lank visage, feat of saddest woe,
With briny tears was all, alas! besprent;
Slight shade of mirth, midst agony of grief.
From which the soul in vain would seek relief.

Here Envy, Fraud, Lust, Avarice, and Pride,
Murder, Ambition, Rapine, Luxury,
With ev'ry hell-ingender'd vice beside,
In bonds of anguish ever pining lie:
Dismay shrinks back from visionary shades,
And Guilt astounded stares at airy blades.

Soon as they spied their dread tremendous Queen,
Torture, aghast, forgot her piercing cries,
Horror at rest in stony trance was seen,
And Fear had dried the streams of Sorrow's eyes;
Short was the pause ere fiercer pangs engage,
As winds confin'd with doubled fury rage.

For now quick rushing from their gloomy cell,
Despair and Hate, and keen Remorse, appear'd,
Who with stern ruthless hand, and hideous yell,
O'er each sad wretch the sounding scourge
uprear'd;
So that my limbs grew stiff with fix'd affright,
Nor longer dar'd my eyes behold the sight.

From hence we pass'd, when o'er my lighten'd breast,
Reviving Peace her downy pennons spread,
Again my eyes with cheering day were blest,
And whisp'ring Zephyrs hover'd round my head;
Each sense immers'd in exquisite delight,
Now felt amends for all my past affright.

Methought we wander'd in a garden fair,
Where Art and Nature might as rivals vie,
Which were superior and the prize should bear,
For sweet delight, and daintiest luxury;
On ev'ry spray the birds with ruffled throats,
Made the air sound with their melodious notes.

Along the lawn, the mazes of a stream,
In sportive rills, and gurgling murmurs, glide,
Thro' which the fish betray'd a golden gleam,
And pinks and roses deck'd her verdant side:
Soft seat of ease! here no rough blast invades,
To fright the blifs of thy enchanting shades.

Shades like to those thro' which the hallow'd tide
Of pure Iliffus rolls its silver wave,
Where Plato, fir'd by Wisdom's tow'ring pride,
Releas'd the soul from her dark narrow grave
Then soaring high on winged thought sublime,
Spurn'd the base earth, for heav'n her native clime

See here and there some happy spirits stray,
 With calm contentment beaming in their eyes;
 Some in light mood on flutes symphonious play,
 Some from the lyre strike solemn ecstasies,
 Such as soft stealing to the inmost soul,
 Truly Passion bind, and Rage controul.

mute attention fit the list'ning throng,
 While sportive winds in liquid æther float,
 Caught by the soothing melody of song,
 And stop their breath to hear a sweeter note:
 Hills, woods, and groves, with choral lays rebound,
 And Echo, pleas'd, prolongs th' expiring sound.

Where Peace had fix'd her everlasting throne,
 And gentle Love her equal empire shares,
 That which makes mistaken mortals groan,
 But that which Virtue to its likeness bears:
 Ours, sacred source of everlasting joy,
 That, guide to woe, and nurse of soul annoy.

Here had mine eyes in transport ever gaz'd,
Unwearied with one constant scene of joy,
When thus her awful voice the Sov'reign rais'd.

“ Let not these fights alone thy mind employ
“ But ponder also on that gloomy place,
“ Which late we left to woe and foul disgrace.

“ These happy souls with Virtue's meed are blest

“ While those lie groaning under Vice's sway
“ Virtue alone can lead the soul to rest,

“ And Vice as certain tears the boon away.”
She ended here—when Sleep his hand withdrew,
And from my waken'd eyes each phantom flew.

SONNETS.

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ORIGINAL.

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SONNETS

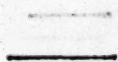
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## SONNET.



WITH smiles, false tokens of pretended joy,  
 The pangs of real anguish I endure;  
 No wav'ring hopes or fears my thoughts employ,  
 Vain both to him whose misery is sure;

Calm on my brow fits well-dissembled Ease,  
 While light Indiff'rence ev'ry chance defies,  
 Since Fortune's fairest look must fail to please,  
 When tyrant Fate my only wish denies:

No fond complaints, forbear your vain request,  
 Nor urge the pity of my Laura's breast,  
 To feel for sorrows she can ne'er allay;  
 Proceed on, my heart! but let the kind disguise  
 Be spread unsuspected o'er my tongue and eyes,  
 Deceiving only lest I should betray.

S O N N E T.  

---

THO' vain the wishes in my breast that glow,  
 Tho' vain, my Laura, e'en thy smiles will prove,  
 Let pity still; tho' unavailing, show  
 What would have been the rapture of thy love.

Fill'd with the thought, I feel my bosom heave,  
 Pride holds her throne triumphant in my eyes,  
 While fates more mild I unrepining leave,  
 And less-deserving happiness despise:

As when, by lightning rent, some rising fane  
 With gorgeous fragments strews the desert plain,  
 O'er the rich heaps with sacred awe we pass;  
 Thus shall the world with pitying wonder view  
 The tow'ring height to which my wishes flew,  
 And from the ruins judge the perfect mass.

## S O N N E T.



WHOE'ER delights o'er Zembla's frozen plain,  
 Or Afric's heaps of burning sand to rove,  
 Whoe'er delights in sharpest sense of pain,  
 He, and he only can find blifs in love.

anxious hopes, if torturing fuspence,  
 If racking fears, which no mild art removes,  
 Fullen cares to blifs can have pretence,  
 Then happiest he who most sincerely loves :

at, ah! no charm of magic's subtlest art,  
 No glossing comment of weak Reason's guile,  
 Can thus deceive the real aching heart,  
 Or make Affliction in her fetters smile;  
 So sad a witness of this truth am I,  
 Who cannot with her live, and must without her  
 die.

## SONNET.

WITH envious stroke, let Fortune still cut down  
 The sweetest hope the fondest love can frame,  
 Constant in nought but her capricious frown;  
 Fortune may change, but Delia is the same:

Let Absence, clad in darkeſt garb of woe,  
 Preſs the torn heart with pangs it cannot name,  
 While ſad Remembrance doubles ev'ry blow,  
 Joy may be loſt, but Delia is the ſame:

Let fell Deſpair ruſh eager for its prize,  
 And mark my boſom for its certain aim:  
 Firm and unconquer'd by the dart I riſe,  
 Deſpair muſt fly, while Delia is the ſame;  
 Thus, Love! thro' Fortune, Abſence, and Deſpair  
 Aſſert thy pow'r, and guard a faithful pair!



## S O N N E T.



WITH hearts unchill'd by doubt or by dismay,  
 Let lovers make reluctant beauty bow;  
 No feign'd contempt their eager hopes delay,  
 Nor the short anger of an artful brow:

IN various toils the fair our tempers prove,  
 In various forms exert their fickle sway;  
 Then crown the victor with deserved love,  
 As they rule best who can the best obey.

Thus wily Proteus ev'ry pow'r essay'd  
 To daunt the shepherd, and his grasp evade,  
 While direst forms the struggling God conceal'd;  
 Still held secure by his relentless hand,  
 No more he strove against the just demand,  
 Resum'd his shape, and Fate's high will reveal'd.

## S O N N E T.

CHECK not, my Love! those pity-moving sighs,  
 That heave incessant from that Angel's breast;  
 Where Grief enchanted with its anguish lies,  
 But dare be true, tho' truth be never blest.

Dry not the torrent of those pearly tears,  
 Which, melting, bubble from the heart oppress;  
 Such is the look ill-fated Virtue wears,  
 Then dare be true, tho' truth be never blest.

Divided sorrow loses half its smart,  
 View then in me its sternest pow'r confess;  
 Nay, pour thy griefs entire upon my heart,  
 Which still is true, tho' truth be never blest;  
 Thus, Phœnix-like, we brave despotic Fate,  
 And from our ruin'd joys a new-born bliss create.

S O N N E T.

---

WHILE with fix'd eyes entranc'd I yet can gaze,  
While yet can clasp thee to this panting breast,  
While Absence yet its fatal stroke delays,  
O hear thy parting Lover's last request !

do but ask at this dread hour to know  
The thrilling rapture of one mutual kiss ;  
Then proudly arm'd against approaching woe,  
My thoughts shall triumph in past scenes of bliss :

Thus, while extended on his bed of death,  
The sick man draws his last short gasp of breath,  
And hoping, fearing, nor yet lives, nor dies,  
On his lips the sacred sign he feels,  
Each agonizing pang the blessing heals,  
And calm, resign'd, the soul contented flies.

## S O N N E T.

TOO long, my heart, hast thou with wanton change,  
 Rov'd thro' the mazes of inconstant Love;  
 Like Summer's fleeting clouds, no longer range,  
 But strive the joys of steady truth to prove.

No more shall light Indifference betray  
 My hopes, my wishes, with her careless smile,  
 Pride shall resign her flatt'ring, selfish sway,  
 And Art no more weak, willing Faith beguile.

The sparkling beam that on the water plays,  
 No longer darts around its fickle rays,  
 When Zephyr folds his sportive wings to rest;  
 Thus, Truth, do thou my wand'ring thoughts collect,  
 That Love's unruffled splendour may reflect  
 My Laura's image perfect in my breast.



SONNET,

TO AN EMINENT PREACHER.

---

NG was I wont, by youthful pride misled,  
ur'd by the tinsel of weak human art,  
praise the labours of the learned head,  
and scorn the breathings of the pious heart :

me, I saw, was conquer'd, and confess  
he pow'r, great Teacher ! of thy voice divine ;  
more I strive thy merits to suppress,  
ut tune my voice to humble praise of thine :

s, when of old the tuneful Prophet-train,  
m God's high hill descended on the plain,  
thro' Saul's proud heart a sacred tremor ran ;  
g did he pause, with admiration fir'd ;  
fill'd at last with what he long admir'd,  
e seiz'd a harp, and was another man.

S O N N E T,

TO A LADY, WHO WEPT AT A TRAGEDY.

---

Oh! Women! Women! did you really know  
The source from which your best allurements flow  
No longer would you trust the di'mond's glare,  
But grace your beauties with a pearly tear.

Dress may attract the Gazer's wanton eyes,  
Who makes your charms expos'd his lawless prize  
But when the tear in silence trickles down,  
We see your heart, and conquer'd yield our own

Pow'rful in tears, upon the desert coast,  
Thus Ariadne mourn'd her Theseus lost;  
When Bacchus felt unknown emotions rise,  
Love mix'd with awe, and pity with surprize:  
Use then, ye Fair! the pow'rs which Nature gave  
And lordly Man shall bow your willing slave.

## SONNET,

TO TWO YOUNG LADIES, WITH GRAY'S POEMS.



IO' youth sit smiling in your cheeks and eyes,  
 With infant Love, unconscious of his reign;  
 O' Beauty now alone might claim the prize,  
 Nor ask the Muse's aid to bind the chain;

led by him, thro' Wisdom's thoughtful shades,  
 Shades dear to him, who sang their praise so well,  
 When Time the lustre of your bloom invades,  
 In worth more noble shall your minds excel:

us early trees, the favourites of Spring,  
 Their branches round with wild luxuriance fling,  
 While op'ning blossoms scent the passing air;  
 Humbly pliant to some skilful guide,  
 With ripen'd fruits swell Autumn's plenteous tide,  
 And amply pay the timely tender care.

## S O N N E T,

TO A LADY.

LET low Suspicion, with half-closing eye,  
 And mean Distrust, to virtuous hearts unknow  
 Thro' others breast, with hope malignant pry,  
 To find those faults she feels within her own;

While gen'rous Candour to some kindred mind,  
 Her thought reveals, within herself secure.  
 And feels the sympathetic joy refin'd,  
 By corresponding beams reflected pure:

O sacred bond which Taste and Truth adore,  
 Thy rapid pow'r Time's languid pace disdain  
 Nor shuns a stranger, if to worth ally'd:  
 The Naiads thus their streams united pour,  
 From distant urns, and grace the fertile plains  
 With added splendour and augmented tide.



## SONNET.



THOU! whom lost too early, known too late,

quit oppress'd with complicated grief!

Now is my heart, by doubly wayward Fate,

Doom'd not too feel, or feel without relief!

Senseless silence pass the languid hours,

When Fortune gave thee to my transient view,

Now must the Muse, while thus her strain she pours,

With her first homage blend her last adieu:

Thus o'er the streams, along whose verdant sides

Nature blossoms, unimpassion'd glides

The fullen Swan, nor swells vocal throat;

All Death, with threat'ning dart now brandish'd high,

Reveals the beauties to his closing eye,

Then strikes the blow, and stops its expiring breath.

## S O N N E T,

TO A LADY WHO REFUSED TO WRITE VERSES.

---

\* \* The Muse speaks.

---

SHALL impious feet, impell'd by fardid gain,  
 Burst thro' the confines of our sacred bow'rs?  
 Shall daring hands, with arrogance profane,

Grasp at the wreath of our selected flow'rs?

And shall Maria from the tuneful Nine

Reluctant turn with diffident dismay?

Forbid our chaplets on her brow to shine,

Nor lend her voice to grace our festive lay?

Sisters! it must be so:—in plaintive tone,

Then raise the song, and let the notes bemoan

The flatt'ring hope which disappointed flies:

Thus, while in fond regret these accents flow,

Our justice, not our gratitude, shall show

To her those honours she to us denies.

## SONNET,

TO AN EMINENT PREACHER.



WHILE Folly's blast, and Vice's rapid tide,  
 O'erwhelm the feeble, and the firm molest,  
 The firm abus'd by Folly into pride,  
 The weak by Vice with servile fear oppress'd;

Thy steady step thou tread'st the shoals of life,  
 Calm, while around the deaf'ning tempest roars,  
 All'd at thy voice, our passions cease their strife,  
 Pride prays in fear, and fear in hope adores:

Thus, when the Saviour, by compassion mov'd,  
 Amidst the stubborn waves saw those he lov'd  
 In useless toil their fainting strength employ;  
 The Sea confess the footsteps of its God,  
 While o'er its surge with unwet feet he trod,  
 Made known his voice, and turn'd their fear to joy.

S O N N E T,

TO A LADY IN A QUAKER'S DRESS.

---

TIR'D with the dazzling glare, the rash display,  
Which Beauty suffers from the pride of Art,  
I felt no joy from Fashion's gaudy ray,  
My sense disgusted and unmov'd my heart;

When to my sight a female form appear'd,  
Where decent Nature holds her simple reign,  
Once more the pow'r of Beauty I rever'd,  
And my heart owns its long remitted chain:

Thus, when the garish Sun, with noontide beam,  
Darts o'er the mountain his oppressive gleam,  
In languid silence the faint Shepherd lies;  
But when at eve the solemn Queen of Night  
Sheds o'er the groves her mitigated light,  
Again the valley to his pipe replies.



## S O N N E T.

WHILE Fancy's pow'rs the vulgar herd deny,  
 Or solemn fages the soft magic blame,  
 As raising phantoms vain to Reason's eye,  
 Or painting blifs beyond our mortal frame;  
 Both despising, with assiduous care,  
 A form unseen from Fame and Friendship drew,  
 And found, when Time disclos'd the real Fair,  
 The glowing picture was no more than true;  
 As iv'ry statue thus Pygmalion view'd,  
 Transpos'd each gem, each flow'ry wreath renew'd,  
 And felt each added grace new charms impart;  
 All granting what his silent wish desir'd,  
 Thus the mass with vital warmth inspir'd,  
 When Truth confirm'd the fancied work of Art.

## S O N N E T,

TO A LADY CARESSING HER CHILDREN.

SEE, where around the lovely Parent cling  
 The smiling infants, her sincerest blifs,  
 While on their lips, more sweet than breath of Spring  
 She prints the softness of a Mother's kifs;

A kifs for which luxurious Wealth its store,  
 And titled Grandeur all its glitt'ring toys,  
 With vain allurements at her feet would pour,  
 While infant Innocence the boon enjoys:

Thus, while around the blest Redeemer's knees  
 The children press'd, with meek attempt to please  
 Their soothing fondness he with pleasure ey'd,  
 Then thus address'd his aged wond'ring train—  
 “Be ye like these, Heavn's blissful realms to gain,  
 “Since souls like these alone with me reside.”

## S O N N E T.



WHILE Coxcombs, flung by disappointed pride,  
 With Falsehood's boast their just defeat conceal,  
 Or shallow hearts, o'erflow'd by Folly's tide,  
 Favours untold, unenvied, cannot feel;

My faithful heart its thoughts on bliss employs,  
 Too great for pride or envy to improve;  
 Scarce to myself I trembling tell my joys,  
 Fill'd with th' exalted avarice of Love:

Thus ample rivers in whose useless tide  
 No potent virtues of fair health reside,  
 With idle pomp invite the Sun's gay beam;  
 While in the covert of some lonely shade  
 The stream, rich fraught with Nature's friendly aid,  
 Unseen, unsought-for, rolls its secret stream.

S O N N E T.

---

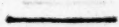
THINK not, tho' silence hath my tongue confin'd  
That worth like yours could unadmir'd remain,  
Where wit and beauty blend their charms to bind  
The heart and judgement in one willing chain;

Yet while around you, insolent and loud,  
The gaudy tribes of Dissipation throng,  
The bashful Muse retiring shuns the crowd,  
Nor dares to warble forth her decent song;

Thus, while the mid-day Sun displays his fire,  
The flutt'ring triflers of the feather'd choir  
Their frantic raptures chaunt in wanton lays;  
But when still Ev'ning spreads her soothing gleam  
The Night's sweet Bird salutes the parting beam  
And calms her grief with notes of humble praise



## S O N N E T.



WHEN in the West the Sun conceals his ray,  
 The Nymph in plaintive note the loss deplores ;  
 When from the East the dawn proclaims the day,  
 In cheerful song the Swain the light adores ;

When at noon the tranquil radiance beams,  
 And Nature glows with perfect blessings crown'd,  
 For both their bosoms bliss securely streams,  
 And looks of thanks supply th' imperfect sound :

Thus while past hours now close their tedious race,  
 Which kept Rosalba from my fond embrace,  
 And future promise yields to present joy ;  
 The Muse contracts her late-expanded wing,  
 Grief or hope forbears alike to sing,  
 While speechless raptures all her pow'rs employ.

## SONETTO.

INFERMA ed egra in fulli molli piumi,  
 Priva e moto e voci si giacèa,  
 L'amabil Clori, e il bel vigor perdèa,  
 Mentri che'l Morbo gli anni suoi confume;  
 Indarno sempre d'Epidauro il Nume

Tutto il poter dell' arte, a' lei porgèa,  
 Alla Natura al fin, possente Dea,  
 Cedendo il mal, a' gli occhi torna il lumi.

Così il Ruscello, che d' al Gelo avvento,  
 Frena il volubil Corso e al Pie s' indura,  
 Perdendo i fior, ond' e'ra avanti cento;  
 Di Primavera sotto l' alma cura;  
 Presto si godi del vitale Istiento;  
 Si poco l'Arte val, tanto Natura.

## S O N N E T.



PREST with sickness, to her couch confin'd,  
 bereft of speech and motion, Chloris lay,  
 while ruthless Fate her youthful years consign'd  
 To fell Disease an unresisting prey :

vain the God of Epidaurus sought  
 Each aid his art of healing could afford,  
 gentle Nature, sov'reign-Goddes, brought  
 Her unexpected help, and health restor'd :

Brook thus fetter'd by the Winter's frost,  
 rippling course, with ev'ry flow'r, has lost,  
 While human skill can no relief impart :  
 when the Spring returns with genial beam,  
 h flow'ret blows beside the murm'ring stream ;  
 so strong is Nature, and so weak is Art !

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF LORD ROBERT MANNERS,

---

BEHOLD ! where Conquest, with aspiring gale,  
Salutes again our long-neglected shore ;  
No more shall fleets combin'd insulting fail,  
Your single force, ye Britons ! doubt no more

Ah ! boast too hasty ! triumph incomplete,  
One spot appears upon our Sun of Fame—  
The *Vet'ran's* praises earth and air repeat,  
Our sighs absorb a younger Hero's name :

He fought—he bled !—Low sinks the lamp of Life  
While Valour still holds unremitted strife,  
And Death his banner slowly, faintly, rears ;  
Britannia joins the Brother in his woe,  
Sees in the Son the Father's spirit glow,  
And bathes the dear-bought laurel with her tears



## S O N N E T.

OUR times from Summer's heat to Winter's cold,  
 From icy floods, as oft to sultry plains,  
 The splendid ruler of the year has roll'd  
 In circling orb his car with varied reins;

Ev'ry course how oft Man's changeful race,  
 From hope to fear, from fear to hope, has stray'd,  
 In search of bliss resum'd the wearied chace,  
 Condemn'd to grasp, and lose the fleeting shade,

While I secure from Disappointment's rage,  
 Free from Suspicion, which more sure than age  
 Consumes, or chills the bosom of Desire;  
 And in Rosalba's truth each doubt suppress,  
 And in her love each expectation blest,  
 And joys in both which lays like these inspire.

## S O N N E T,

ON THE UGOLINO, PAINTED BY SIR J. REYNOLDS,

OFT had the Father, in Grief's frantic rage,  
 Rent the white honours from his rev'rend head,  
 As oft essay'd his sorrows to assuage,  
 While o'er his Sons a flood of tears he shed:

But here, while Agony's increasing weight  
 Controuls Affliction in each outward show,  
 Behold him petrified by savage Fate,  
 Motionless sit a monument of woe;

Thus, when the winds of Winter urge their course,  
 No more confin'd within its flow'ry fides,  
 The heaving river swells in troubled tides;  
 But when the bitter blast, with keener force,  
 Across the stream an icy fetter throws,  
 The harden'd wave is fix'd in dead repose.

## S O N N E T.



favour'd Sons of Painting's mimic art !  
 Whose hands in subtile lines expressive trace  
 Thriving passion of the human breast,  
 Or deck with chosen beauties Nature's face ;  
 Who now tread the blest Elysian plain,  
 Where Claude's rich fancy is in truth survey'd,  
 Around the spirits of th' immortal train,  
 Guido beholds his own rich thought display'd ;  
 And, and while Fame's loudest trump proclaims  
 Ev'ry polish'd realm your sacred names,  
 Names which no time can equal or destroy ;  
 These unfeign'd, uncultivated lays,  
 Sumptuous efforts of admiring praise,  
 Except the tribute of a grateful joy.

## SONNET,

TO A LADY, INVITING HER TO BE AT THE MUSIC  
AT CAMBRIDGE.

SWEET is the voice of Music, while it swells  
The sound of rapture to attentive ears;  
As sweet the voice of Friendship, while it tells  
How warm the wishes, yet how great the fears;

Left, while the strains around us sweetly float,  
While in our bosoms expectation glows,  
Maria should not hear the dulcet note,  
Nor taste those sweeter joys which Friendship  
knows:

Crown then those wishes, drive these fears away;  
To Cam's now festive banks thy charms convey,  
Or sounds, tho' sweet, their sweetest pow'r will lose  
Charms without which, by disappointment cross,  
Friendship and Harmony lament as lost  
The grace which best accompanies the Muse.



## S O N N E T.



N fordid search of perishable gain,  
 Or to perplex in labyrinths of law,  
 To veil the weakness of Machaon's train,  
 Or gloomy clouds o'er sacred beams to draw,

Let Prose prevail:—the human mind to raise  
 To Virtue's health, and Truth's divine abode,  
 To win the wreath of everlasting praise,  
 Let Poesy describe the radiant road:

Thus birds domestic, in ignoble state,  
 Will to the ground adhere in humble gait,  
 Or to some lowly shrub confine their flight;  
 While the pois'd Lark, to seek the dawn of day  
 Mounts, or to gaze upon the parting ray,  
 Then soars, absorb'd in floods of liquid light.

## S O N N E T.

LET rigid Reason, with usurping sway,  
 Assign to Prose severe the learned crown,  
 Tear from the Muse's brow her wreath of bay,  
 And blast the measur'd labours with a frown;

Still shall the Bard, from Nature and from Art,  
 O'er lines of less restraint her conquest spread,  
 With surest charm enchant the glowing heart,  
 And best convince the cool, reflecting head:

Thus, while the voice no govern'd temper knows,  
 If thro' the trumpet's silver tube it flows,  
 With added strength, it gives a sweeter sound;  
 The streams thus rushing thro' the rocks compress,  
 More limpid glide than when, in languid rest,  
 Their stagnant waters stain the marshy ground.

## S O N N E T,

ON

THE RECOVERY OF A LADY FROM A VIOLENT ILLNESS.

LONG had'st thou, torn in agonizing strife,  
 Struggled with labours of increasing pain,  
 Long from the means to lengthen fev'rish life,  
 Borne fiercer pangs thy safety to regain;

When in the contest between life and death,  
 Disease at last by timely aid subdu'd,  
 Pain permitted the return of breath,  
 And ceasing pangs the vital lamp renew'd:

Thus, while with fury tempests rend the air,  
 While lightnings dim the sight with lurid glare,  
 And thunders roll in deaf'ning peals around,  
 Near'd by the storm, returns the light of day,  
 And while the Sun resumes his cheering ray,  
 Nature and Life with added joy are crown'd.

S O N N E T,

TO A FRIEND.

---

VAIN is the culture of attentive Art,  
The pomp of Learning, arrogant and vain,  
If Nature will not her free gift impart,  
To love the Muse, and court her genuine strain;

Loft the chill effort of ignoble toil,  
Intent on gain, to damp her soaring wing,  
Commerce shall fail to choke the fertile soil,  
Whence flow'rs arise to deck the field of Spring

Then, tho' unlearn'd in acadèmic skill,  
Tho' plung'd in cares, the common mind which fill  
Despair not thou to fan thy native fire;  
The steed untaught in graceful sport can bound,  
The poppy, 'mid th' autumnal harvest found,  
Can to thy rest poetic dreams inspire.



S O N N E T,

ON A LOVELY CHILD, NOT SIX YEARS OF AGE.

---

NOW wave your flippant wings, ye futile race,  
Who flutter 'mid the noon of Summer's youth,  
Murmuring the sounds of Nature's simplest grace,  
The reign of Innocence and smiling truth;

Now frown morose, and speak in solemn tone,  
Ye Sages! creeping thro' Time's wintry vale,  
Tune a wisdom which is not your own,  
And teach in precept where in deeds you fail:

Hold, where years of earliest Spring impart  
That sweetest flow'r, an uncorrupted heart;  
And if an earthly voice is not believ'd,  
Attend to dictates of a Word divine,  
Who thus declares—"This youngest train is mine,  
And such in Heav'n alone will be receiv'd."

## S O N N E T,

On two young Ladies, who applied the word "Dear" in a Letter to  
Gentleman, whose age was more than twice their own.

---

WAS I deceiv'd—or did the title "Dear"

Its silver ray turn forth upon my sight?

Did Echo waft the sound, whose charm can cheer

The heart of age with long diffus'd delight?

I did not err:—the Sisters twain in truth

The ray to me convey'd, the sound address;

They who, exulting in the bloom of youth,

More ripen'd merit nobly have confest:

Thus, tho' the Nymphs, from ev'ry flow'r that blow  
In Spring or Summer, violet or rose,

Collect the chaplet for their floating hair;

Yet on Jove's oak, whose Autumn baffles Time,

Suspend a wreath, in honour of its prime,

And grace its knotted arms with grateful care.

S O N N E T.  

---

HAT tho' unequal years may intervene,  
 equal worth and talents grace the scene;  
 worth which no years can from the heart remove,  
 merits which Time knows only to improve:

at tho' a frown may on the brow appear,  
 when Doubt mistakes the thought and word sincere;  
 when shall that frowning cloud withdraw its shade,  
 and brighter smiles in sunshine be display'd:

at tho' the wish be stifled, or confest,  
 Hope and Fear alternate rule the breast;  
 while on Truth just Confidence attends,  
 Calba and Horatio still are friends.

may such concord never know decay,  
 Trust and Truth still shed their mingled ray!

## S O N N E T,

THE GLOVES OF ENDYMION.

WAS it a dream?—or was it real blifs,  
 When, while soft sleep upon my eyelids weigh'd  
 I felt the doubtful pressure of a kifs,  
 And own'd the tribute which by sleep is paid?

It was no dream—the blifs was dearly true  
 Which thro' my veins in thrilling rapture glow'd  
 I felt the pressure, sip'd th' ambrosial dew,  
 And paid the tribute which from sleep I ow'd:

On Latmos thus Endymion slumb'ring lay,  
 When Cynthia, gliding on her silver ray,  
 Her lips to his in tender stealth applied;  
 The joy by him unnotic'd, not unknown,  
 By vows augmented gratefully was shown,  
 Nor by the Goddess was the theft denied.



## SONNET,

A LADY, WITH AN ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1800.

---

Now is the year, and new its course shall hold,  
 Her choicest blessings while fair Friendship sheds;  
 It passes in silence fullen as the old,  
 When Pride and Anger rear'd their Hydra-heads;  
 No more the Poet shall suppress his lay,  
 But pleas'd shall each distinguish'd merit own,  
 Whom shall her beam without a veil display,  
 And Amarantha mount again her throne;  
 When the Winter reigns with tyrant pow'r,  
 He gather'd clouds with threat'ning aspect lour,  
 And rivers feel the chilling chains of frost;  
 When the Summer bids the flow'rs to bloom,  
 In streams their murmurs thro' the vale resume,  
 The frowns of Nature in her smiles are lost.

## S O N E T T O.

A LA PIU DEGNA.

DONNA ! ch' ignota à me, se non da Fama,  
 La di cui tromba in ogni suon d'onore,  
 Gli abitator di queste Selve chiama  
 Ad ammirar' in te l'alto valore;

Perdona a' lui che rispettoso bramã  
 Svelarti delle lodi il chiuso ardore,  
 Ch' ognun che mai ti parla, o' t'odi egli ama  
 Le tui virtù se di sentir le ha un core:

Ippolito così fra i lieti prati,  
 Cogliendo i nuovi fior di primavera,  
 Adorava di Cintia il puro lume;  
 Cogli inni sacri con gli voti grati,  
 A lei s'inchina, in umiltà sincera  
 D' un alma fida, a'l non veduto nume.

S O N N E T,  

---

ADY! to me, unless by Fame, unknown,  
 Whose trump, uplifted to resound thy praise,  
 Calls from these learned shades, in loftiest tone,  
 His voice each inmate to thy worth to raise;

ardon the pride of this ignoble lay,  
 Which thus presumes its ardour to disclose,  
 When each who hears thee must his homage pay,  
 If Virtue's grace within his bosom glows:

us cull'd Hippolytus, from ev'ry field,  
 Each flow'r the Spring's reviving beauties yield,  
 The wreath then offer'd on Diana's shrine,  
 With holy hymns, pronounc'd in humble fear,  
 Shou'd forth the pray'r she not disdain'd to hear,  
 But from his sight conceal'd her form divine.

S O N N E T.

---

WITH face in smiles, and now in frowns array'd,  
Smiles as uncertain as her frowns are sure,  
By pride, or by caprice, the mistress sway'd,  
Now gives the wound, and now applies the cure

With constant ardour of ingenuous truth,  
With wish unalter'd to be pleas'd, or please,  
The friend, companion of confiding youth,  
Or shares the joy, or seeks the grief t' appease

Thus Selima, tho' now in feign'd applause  
She purs, tho' harmless now appear her paws,  
Preserves her selfish purpose still in view;  
While Fido, watchful of his Master's eye,  
With ev'ry thought attentive to comply,  
Delighted strives *his* pleasure to pursue.



S O N N E T,

On the Death of two Ladies, one fifteen, the other ninety-four  
years of age.

WHEN Death his dart with cruel triumph rears,  
And strikes the victim in life's early bloom,  
Hope's fading prospect calls forth all our tears,  
And loud laments proclaim Philippa's doom ;

But when thrice Saturn's year, has roll'd its course,  
And lengthen'd days have been by virtue crown'd,  
We dry the stream of sorrow at the source,  
And check for Jennings grief's ungrateful sound :

With ruin thus, when blasts the bark assail,  
Those untried canvass courts the flatt'ring gale,  
No pause, no limit, our affliction knows ;  
But when, o'er many a wave, from distant shores,  
It brings to harbour its expected stores,  
We hail the tidings of the safe repose.

S O N N E T.

---

LIFE is a warfare, where 'mid pride and fear,  
Contending passions agitate the heart;  
Now Rage at random throws his hasty spear,  
And now Suspicion aims her secret dart;

Calm 'mid the tumult of these wild alarms,  
Truth rears the bulwark of her stedfast shield;  
Hush'd in a moment is the din of arms,  
And Peace in triumph reasserts the field;

The water thus, when in the vase inclos'd,  
With hand unsteady to the light expos'd,  
Scatters around in broken gleams the rays,  
Till by repose the balance it resumes,  
Then while the surface the fix'd beam illumines,  
The Sun in perfect form its orb displays.

## S O N N E T,

To a Lady, who declined singing in private, after she had sung on  
a Stage.

---

THE fair Valentinia, in melodious song,  
Her tones expressive on the stage displays,  
Draws admiration from the public throng,  
And pleas'd accepts the gen'ral voice of praise;

Not if with nicer care, and nearer test,  
The private judgment would her talents know,  
She doubts the merit of her art confess,  
And blushing fears her excellence to show :

Thus, when the plant with feeling pow'rs endu'd,

Expands its foliage, which at distance view'd,

The Zephyrs only fan with fav'ring gales ;

The too curious gazer should apply

His hand too near, the tender leaves to try,

Its beauty, shrinking from the touch, it veils.

## S O N N E T.

(The Scene is near the gate of a castled monastery. Over the gate is a shield and lance, with a banner, on which is the following inscription :—)

O THOU ! whom Fortune, thro' Life's vale of tears  
 Shall to the turrets of this mansion bring,  
 Whate'er thy sex, thy station, or thy years,  
 Let this shrill bugle thro' the confines ring;

The gates shall open, with their massive bars,  
 And food be minister'd by hands unseen;  
 Sleep shall attend to lull terrestrial jars,  
 And dreams celestial wave their wings serene.

Enter, and fear not. I, like thee, have known  
 The sigh to breathe, to curb th' indignant groan,  
 A friend to virtue, and to vice a foe;  
 Here have I learn'd with patience to endure  
 Those ills which friendly Death alone can cure,  
 And Pity's pang to feel for human woe.



## SONNET.

SENSATION, Sense, and Sentiment, impart  
 their various pow'rs to body, mind, and heart:  
 external motion from sensation springs,  
 Irritation prompts the vital strings;

more exalted the *Volition* moves,  
 judgment censures, or as choice approves;  
 and while the sentiment *associate* flows,  
 shed the secret tears of mutual woes:

Egyptian Sages, as their lore they trace,  
 rear the pyramid on matter's base;  
 means adapted to superior ends,  
 due proportion the vast pile ascends,  
 all thro' the clouds, in point sublime, its height  
 inspiring pierces, and eludes the sight.

SONNET,

TO ROSALBA.

---

BY Nature led, with long experience fraught,  
To worth and beauty I my homage pay,  
Where talents shine, by time and culture taught,  
Or artless charms their youthful beam display;

To honour faithful, I for glory fought,  
And oft have borne the guiltless prize away,  
But still the trophies to Rosalba brought,  
Where truth and love maintain unrival'd sway

Thus, thro' the garden, thro' the field of spring,  
In search of sweets, tho' with inconstant wing,  
From flow'r to flow'r the bee delights to roam,  
One fix'd design her varied toils pursue,  
And, conscious where the tribute most is due,  
She bears the tribute to the favour'd home.

## S O N N E T,

TWO BY CARDS, AGAINST TWO BY HONOURS.



IN squadrons you on verdant plain of whist,  
 Where rival banners skill with fortune waves,  
 Enter with many-colour'd Kings the list,  
 And flow'ry Queens, commanding willing Knaves ;

eneath each Ace supreme the troops advance,  
 Some deck'd in di'monds, some disdaining art,  
 Yield leafy clubs, some point the sword or lance  
 And some trust only their intrepid heart :

lengthen'd files, determin'd bands appear,  
 Check'd on a sudden in their bold career,  
 By some low vassal of a chosen host ;  
 Nor smiling Queen, nor frowning King he spares  
 Thus strength is foil'd by unexpected snares,  
 And Wiles and Honours reign with equal boa.

## S O N N E T,

TO TWO LADIES MUCH RESEMBLING EACH OTHER.

TWO female forms, with sister-graces, strike  
 At diff'rent times, apart, my wond'ring eyes,  
 In feature, shape, complexion, voice, alike,  
 Each claims for talents an unrivall'd prize;

To each, unconscious of mistake, I bend;  
 On both, with undistinguish'd homage, gaze;  
 Their charms united with their minds I blend,  
 And give to equal merit equal praise:

Thus from the parent-stem two roses grow,  
 With hues congenial, both luxuriant glow,  
 With kindred fragrance each Aurora greets;  
 To both the bee directs its wandering flight,  
 Unknown the change, but known the same delight  
 And draws from error undiminish'd sweets.



SYLVA.

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
IN SENATE,  
JANUARY 18, 1880.  
REPORT OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LANDS AND MINES,  
FOR THE YEAR 1879.

ALBANY:  
J. B. LEECH, PRINTER.  
1880.

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## S Y L V A.

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 APOLOGY.
 

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 ON A LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.
 

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Now shall the Muse, who boasts her dearest art,  
 Verse which springs spontaneous from the heart,  
 Reliefs of wealth or fame, who seeks alone  
 From one fair female hand a myrtle crown;  
 No, rich with Merit's unaffected praise,  
 With gaudy fiction ne'er debas'd her lays;  
 Now tread a path, where fawning Flattery show'rs,  
 With undiscerning hand, her faded flow'rs?  
 Hence birth-day Bards compose their yearly song,  
 Cap praise on praise, regardless right or wrong;  
 With senseless ardour contradictions join,  
 Proud Sun, Moon, Stars, in one o'erlabour'd line;  
Some

Some thanks, indeed, their weak endeavours claim  
Who sink their own, to raise another's fame.

Of all the labours which confer the bays,  
None is so nice, so difficult as praise.  
True worth alone the lofty strain should hear,  
And the most worthy are the most severe:  
Pleas'd with themselves, with conscious merit proud  
They spurn the sullied homage of the crowd;  
Look down disdainful, with an equal eye,  
On Flatt'ry's falsehood, and Detraction's lie.  
Praise is a perfume, which from gentle gales  
Reviving sweets of joy and health exhales;  
In lightest folds the subtle vapours glide,  
And unperceiv'd disperse on ev'ry side;  
A soothing languor steals upon the sense,  
And pleas'd we own the secret influence.

Such is the strain in which my verse should flow  
Not vainly high, nor yet unjustly low;  
No chosen name some partial passion prove,  
But virtue, self-adorn'd, the rapture move:



thus display'd, let anxious Justice fear  
fav'rite fair should miss her image here;  
and shall she feel in that triumphant cause,  
secret thrillings of her own applause.  
all the blush be spar'd; nor Envy blame  
it shews the merit, but conceals the name.  
here the conscious Muse the task must yield,  
ex'd with choice in such a fertile field;  
wishes boundless, as with pow'rs confin'd,  
ears but dares not trust th' inviting wind;  
shows out the path in which the bark should glide,  
shrinks astonish'd from the swelling tide.  
inc'd how faint an homage words impart,  
checks her hand, and shows not all the heart:  
fond Remembrance in her favour plead,  
from the past what is, what shall succeed;  
insufficient, the poetic crown,  
owns such praise by silence best is shown.

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1794.

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Seek

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Seek not too closely to engage  
 A Bird, unless you have a cage  
 That's strong enough to hold it fast,  
 As long as love and life shall last.



IF rank, or riches, (undeserved fate  
 Of fools grown wealthy, or of knaves grown g  
 In idle triumph proud, shall only claim  
 The right to kindle Love's impartial flame,  
 Where shall the gentle God implore relief,  
 Or move compassion to his unjust grief?  
 Love, which first born above the vaulted skies,  
 Still here on earth towards his likeness flies;  
 Seeks in himself the fairest forms to find,  
 And found, enjoy them in some kindred mind:  
 Too truly proud to ask or to receive  
 From outward gloss, what inward worth should

Whom Desert abandon'd brighter shines,  
Whom Folly loaded with the wealth of mines;  
Whom neglected Truth more transport brings,  
Whom Falsehood flatter'd with the smile of Kings.

Too long, alas! thro' Life's precarious state,  
The world hath groan'd beneath mad Fortune's  
weight:

Patriot driv'n to exile and disgrace,  
Dunce rewarded with the Scholar's place!

Our neglected, Innocence distressed,

Bad exalted, and the Good depressed.

Let not Love this wrong, this insult know,

To himself alone his honours owe;

No false maxims his true worth abate,

Bred with Virtue, let him 'scape her fate!

Since, ye Fair! within your conqu'ring eyes,

Gentle God's supreme dominion lies—

As you smile, a smile his forehead wears,

As you frown, he pays the frown with tears—

O'er

O'er your decision let pure Truth prevail,  
 And shame proud man, whose hand hath bent  
 scale:

So shall the Just your better judgment bless,  
 And Virtue truly wear a Woman's dress!

Trusting to this, my course I still pursue—  
 Fortune and Fate I brave, and all but you.

Still shall my mind to worth its cares engage,  
 Still shall the birds' sweet notes my grief assuage  
 Tho' Fate deny, or Fortune ope the cage.

1766.

STANZ



STANZAS

ON SECRECY IN LOVE.



WHAT virtue is to make men truly great,  
Valour in battle, wisdom in debate,  
What strongest means to best intentions prove,  
All, and still more, is secrecy in love.

What joy to read the language of an eye!  
To watch the breathing of a secret sigh!  
Like beings superior, of the herd unknown,  
And 'midst unnumber'd multitudes alone.

Self-potent Love rejects, with stern disdain,  
Counsel as needless, and all help as vain;  
United efforts blast the rip'ning joy,  
As tender webs the hands which touch destroy.

Beauty!

Beauty! thou tempter of the coldest breast!  
Where can thy magic charms inactive rest?  
Who slowest speak the soonest are believ'd,  
Who latest trust, shall latest be deceiv'd.

Yet still beware, to sacred Friendship just,  
Lest prudent caution turn to mean mistrust;  
But for awhile the weighty charge delay,  
And Friendship's loss in love redoubled pay.

1761.

STANZA

## STANZAS

## ON MUTUAL CONSTANCY.



LET dauntless courage in the bosom glow,  
 Which pants for glory from the vanquish'd foe;  
 Let Wisdom's dictates, with Persuasion, guide  
 The tongue which seeks in council to preside;  
 In love, that bliss which crowns our life below  
 From mutual constancy can only flow.

Time, whose fell scythe, with unrelenting sway,  
 Sweeps, like a flood, mortality away,  
 For once controul'd, shall stop his havoc rude,  
 Check his dread arm, and own himself subdu'd,  
 While from the ruin which around him lies,  
 Bright, everlasting, pure, thy flame shall rise.

Oh!

Oh! state thrice happy ! when each glowing breast  
With trust unshaken is alike possess'd ;  
When no one action seeks to be conceal'd,  
And no one thought arises unreveal'd ;  
Two separate bosoms but one soul employ,  
And all is truth, love, harmony, and joy.

Full in herself, true Constancy remains  
Firm on her basis, and all force disdains ;  
Fortune in vain her hate, her favour tries,  
Her smile she courts not, and her frown defies ;  
Borne, like the eagle, thro' the depth of air,  
The grov'ling world she deems beneath her care.

Absence in vain would all its clouds unite  
To stem the torrent of her rapid flight ;  
At *her* command, Imagination rears  
Her magic wand, and each lov'd form appears :  
Delights like these no foreign pow'r destroys,  
Herself she makes them, and herself enjoys.



x'd in her purpose, by no passion sway'd,  
 o ruffling storms th' eternal calm invade:  
 hus, when the soul, releas'd from earthly clay,  
 scends to realms of everlasting day,  
 asp'd in the arms of Peace, secure it lies,  
 ar baffled sinks, and Hope contented flies.

1760.

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AN

## AN EPITAPH.

IN vain would Death, each tender pray'r denied,  
 Mow down the flow'r of beauty in its pride;  
 Still does it flourish thro' unfading years,  
 Fann'd by our sighs, and water'd by our tears.  
 The fond rememb'rance of the just and good  
 Here keeps the lovely image unsubstu'd;  
 And Hope, by Faith triumphant o'er the tomb,  
 Enjoys the substance in new worlds to come.

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*On the Poems of Darwin.*

SEE Darwin's Muse, in flight unbounded reach  
 Whatever Art can polish, Science teach;  
 The pow'rs of Earth, Air, Water, Fire, display,  
 And Flora's tribes in fancied forms pourtray;  
 The swelling sculpture of Lucretius join  
 To Claudian's tints, in each high-finish'd line:

In vain let Fraud its lips half silent move,  
 Or hint at errors which it cannot prove;

accuse of Atheism the pious Bard,  
 Who One supreme has constantly declar'd,  
 And giv'n, on Nature's and on Reason's plan,  
 Glory to God, and liberty to Man.

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### E P I T A P H

On a Dutch Pug, who was shot, after being bitten by a mad Dog.

For faithful service claim deserved praise,  
 Tho' the mean servant no high titles raise—  
 Deeds of gratitude our hearts can move,  
 Tho' all their merit be the grateful love—  
 Let human pride for once be strictly just,  
 And, tho' poor Pug's, tread lightly o'er his dust.  
 Nameless he liv'd, and died before his time,  
 The hapless victim of another's crime.  
 Pity not, ye men! Pug's fate with hasty view,  
 But dread a stroke as swift, but more your due;  
 Who, led by choice, in paths of mischief run,  
 And live for worse than what he died to shun.

LINES

## L I N E S

Written after reading Serjeant's Poem of the "MINE."

SPIRITS of Earth, of Water, Air, and Fire!  
 Ye Gnomes! ~~ye Nymphs!~~ ~~ye Sylphs!~~ and Salamanders!

Ye, who on murky vans, by fumes defil'd,  
 From central caves ascend! and ye, whose streams,  
 Along the vallies gliding, from your urns  
 Dispense to mortals the return of health,  
 Nor give not aid prophetic! Ye who fly  
 On glitt'ring pennons thro' the flightless air,  
 Imbibing rays of genial ardour! Ye  
 Who mid th' apparent blaze of circling flame  
 Take up your dwelling, and exulting live  
 Where forms less subtle are destroy'd!—attend  
 Propitious to the Bard, whose strains unfold  
 Your various office, and your pow'rs display.

1786.



IN PRAISE OF  
**THOMAS SUTTON,**

*Founder of the Charter-House.*

Muse I ask to sing in feigned lays,  
 When true respect inspires the truest praise:  
 Grateful heart my willing pen shall move  
 To praise that bounty which myself I prove;  
 While to Sutton's name his sons combine  
 Their sounding praise, I dare to whisper mine.

Ev'ry realm on which the Sun has shone,  
 Where useful commerce was good Sutton known;  
 Where Peace and Fortune deign'd for once to meet,  
 Lay their blended treasures at his feet.  
 That was his wealth, but greater still his mind,  
 Which death most gen'rous, as in life most kind:  
 Leaving all the worldly paths to fame,  
 Chose by charity to raise his name.

Within

Within these walls the tender minds of youth  
Are gently train'd to science and to truth ;  
Each care prevented, and each want supplied,  
Good Sutton gives what Fortune had denied.  
Nor youth alone here finds a safe retreat,  
But Time's old Pilgrims rest their weary feet;  
Free from the tempests of tumultuous life,  
Here Want and Sorrow end their cruel strife;  
Plenty and Ease all former toils repay,  
Serene their eve, tho' stormy was their day;  
Their sole employ, now free from Fortune's rod,  
To praise their Sutton, and to serve his God.

Look, gracious Heav'n! with eyes propitious  
down,  
And bless thy Sutton's work, so like thine own!  
Still may our merits strive to reach his worth,  
Surpass'd alone by Him who gave them birth!

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1767.

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VERS

## V E R S E S

Spoken by a young Scholar to his Friends, at a Meeting on  
Christmas.

antient Rome, tho' Pride throughout the year  
g'd uncontroul'd its insolent career,  
e happy month her wise forefathers gave,  
en Truth, supported by an injur'd Slave,  
d speak aloud, and make the trembling Lord  
th horror feel a dagger in each word:

That month returns; and while, with constant  
rage,  
al Slander stalks thro' this more daring age,  
Truth in softer tone her accents raise,  
d claim the freedom, not to blame, but praise.  
r will superior worth with scorn refuse  
imperfect efforts of a fearful Muse,  
feel, with conscious joy, the grateful truth,  
cept her homage, and forgive her youth.

New to the world, to books alone confin'd,  
In them each feature of the human mind,  
Each nobler virtue, and each softer grace,  
As Poets deck the scene, entranc'd I trace:  
But while I read, some secret pow'r I feel,  
Whose warm emotions to my breast reveal,  
That Fancy's fiction may in life be true,  
And Hope directs its ardent glance to you:  
An ample field, where flow'rs luxuriant blow,  
To form a wreath for each selected brow;  
Where Friendship's bands at this blest hour unite  
Whatever wins the heart, or charms the sight—  
Whatever love or admiration draws,  
Commands respect, or dignifies applause.

But here the Muse contracts her feeble wing,  
Nor dares aspire such lofty themes to sing;  
Forbears the radiance of each work to praise,  
But owns the splendour of the mingled blaze.



Thus, 'till the prism, by Newton's skill supreme,  
display'd the texture of the solar beam,  
unroll'd all the treasures which unite  
to weave the web of complicated light,  
I'm kind, content to feel the cheering day,  
I feel the blessing of the blended ray,  
while each sep'rate hue lay unexplor'd,  
I'd th' effect, the Cause sublime ador'd.

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1778.

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## V E R S E S

On the Visit paid to the University of Cambridge by the Chancellor  
the Duke of Newcastle.

O'ER some wild waste, or unfrequented shore,  
Where loursing tempests howl, and billows roar,  
Still roam the slaves, whose hearts of senseless stone  
The gen'rous glow of gratitude disown.  
Virtue, which freely strives our good to raise,  
With justice claims the free return of praise.  
Then seek, my Muse! to whom that praise is due  
Lo! Holles rises to my dazzled view;  
My beating heart confirms my feeble sight,  
And Reason tells me that the choice is right.

Hail! Holles, hail! our ruler, father, friend;  
Whose bounteous hand each good has deign'd to lend  
Which, both combin'd to succour feeble man,  
Strength can perform, or active virtue plan.  
Fraught with such blessings from a hand like thine  
Advancing Science must with glory shine.

or have thy sons, O Holles! (but excuse  
the gen'rous boastings of an honest Muse,)  
tray'd themselves unworthy of thy care,  
stain'd by shameful sloth the blifs they share.  
ere great Caractacus, tho' bound in chains,  
all unsubdu'd his dauntless soul retains :  
ere soft Elfrida graceful mourning bows,  
while list'ning angels bear to Heav'n her vows.  
t, hark! I hear the sounding Cambrian string  
nouncing vengeance on a ruthless king.  
ere, with slow steps, the fair, the good, the brave,  
borne (now nothing) to the silent grave.  
ese are thy glories, Holles! these shall stand  
ernal records of thy great command:  
thee protected, in each Muse's praise,  
e loaded altar shall with incense blaze.  
Nor are the tuneful Nine alone rever'd,  
Æsculapius, lo! a fane uprear'd:  
ere bounteous Nature o'er the fertile fields  
th healing plant in rich profusion yields.

O Phyc,

O Phyfic, godlike art! whose pitying pow'r  
To wretched man prolongs Life's wish'd-for hour,  
When future ages shall resound thy fame,  
With grateful love, then think on Walker's name.

But now, my Muse, resume thy fav'rite theme:  
Great Holles comes! and straight, with sudden gleam  
The grateful joy in ev'ry face appears,  
And smooths the wrinkles of long-rolling years:  
Thus when a Father, doom'd by Fate to roam  
Thro' distant climes, at last regains his home,  
Around him presses, with transport's flying pace,  
His faithful consort, and his infant race;  
To each by turns his blessing he bestows,  
And wrapt in joy, forgets all former woes.

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1760.

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VERSE



## V E R S E S

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.



ALIKE to all is Death's impartial blow,  
 Nor heeds the lofty, nor o'erlooks the low:  
 Alike the tool of pow'r, the slave of state,  
 With Dogs, Cats, Sparrows, must resign to fate.

In vain the wanton Warbler swell'd his throat,  
 To win the Tyrant's ear with sprightly note;  
 Around his urn the fun'ral wreathe was plac'd,  
 Bewail'd by Lesbia, by Catullus grac'd.

With mien demure, tho' Selima intent  
 Hunn'd each gay sport, on meditation bent,  
 Yet, hapless victim of her rash design,  
 She lives alone in Gray's immortal line.

Peace to their shades! and 'midst th' Elyfian bow  
Where now they pass their unmolested hours,  
Link'd in the bonds of sympathetic love,  
Chloe! with them may'st thou be doom'd to rove!

What, tho' no flutt'ring wiles, no mimic strain,  
Thou knew'st to practice, short applause to gain;  
Yet Truth's unfeign'd careffes were thy own,  
More fondly favour'd, as more truly known.

What, tho' by headstrong pride ne'er led astray,  
Thy docile talents own'd a guiding sway,  
Yet thine were virtues never taught by art,  
Desire to please, and gratitude of heart.

In worth superior, tho' deprest by Fame,  
Envy not then thy rivals' happier name;  
And while they triumph in their rich reward,  
Lament thou only thy inferior bard.

*To Philip Honeywood, Jun.*

ON HIS COMPLETING THE SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

DEAR Phil! on these returning days  
 The custom is, for Bards with praise  
 To load each strain'd, affected line,  
 And strive by flattery to shine;  
 Disgracing thus the praise they give,  
 Thinking we can such trash receive;  
 And making each good with belied,  
 By sowing seeds of hurtful pride:  
 But I, with no such wicked art  
 Will stain my pen, or taint your heart.  
 Instead of giving present praise,  
 Precept shall teach you how to raise  
 A plan, by which in future years,  
 With joy of conscious worth, your ears

May

May hear the panegyric strain  
Which other bards may write for gain;  
So shall, with unexpected end,  
You really be what they pretend,  
Who, thinking to deceive your youth,  
Unknowingly shall speak the truth.

Fortune, 'tis true, on you, my child,  
Before your birth has kindly smil'd,  
And half the ills mankind which waste  
It ne'er will be your lot to taste.  
Yet think how much the world will ask  
From one with such an easy task;  
What shame to lose a proffer'd crown,  
When half the race your birth has run;  
How great the crime to go astray,  
Unforc'd to swerve from Virtue's way.  
Want is the cause of half the ill  
With which the world the wretched fill;  
Steep is th' ascent to Virtue's seat  
When want retards our willing feet:

Th



his sole excuse, you ne'er can plead,  
Whom ill cannot seduce, for need;  
For wealth without a middle place,  
Must lead to honour, or disgrace.

Such be your plan, if fortune still  
With prosp'rous breeze your sail shall fill.  
But think, how many are the things,  
Which ruin e'en the wealth of Kings;  
Dearth! with unrelenting hand,  
May stalk o'er all your usefess land:  
Satiate War, with furious haste,  
May lay your promis'd harvest waste:  
Your mansions may bestrew the ground,  
By Fire consum'd, by Water drown'd:  
Which ills from Man, or Heav'n above,  
Which mortal may be doom'd to prove:  
Think then, from these while yet you're free,  
To look on other's misery  
With pity'ing eye, and pleas'd impart  
The riches of your purse and heart;

ff

Think

Think help your wealth's most noble end  
And deem each wretched man your friend  
Who by the means of doing good,  
Gives more than you on him bestow'd:  
So should the world's tumultuous strife,  
Exchange for you the chance of life,  
Rememb'ring that you once was kind,  
In each good heart, a friend you'll find.

On others, yet not all, rely,  
But to yourself for succour fly:  
And as example far exceeds  
The wisest lesson, wisdom needs  
Abroad, for no faint copy, roam,  
Blest with reality at home.

While Fortune smiles, (and never may  
A cloud o'ercast her present ray!)  
Before your fix'd attentive eye,  
Set Madre's watchful charity:  
Learn the soft art from her to read  
Before it speaks another's need;

Who thinks a gift but half conferr'd,  
The petition first be heard;  
Who careful of her friends alone,  
In their content still finds her own,

But if adversity be sent,  
To try how firm your heart is bent  
On virtue's plan; with gen'rous joy,  
Let Padre's strength your thoughts employ;  
All danger learn from him, to brave;  
Think glorious deeds alone can save  
From death, which shocks the coward's eyes,  
And follows faster, as he flies;  
And if a doubt surprize your youth,  
Think on his wounds, and know it, truth.

Thus have I shown, from flatt'ry free,  
Not what you are, but are to be;  
These paths pursue, and as each year  
Returns with heav'ns revolving sphere,  
Tho' no vain bard your glory raise,  
The poor will bless, the good will praise:

The

The blessings which your hands bestow,  
Back to your breast again shall flow;  
The sleep which wretched eye-lids feel,  
By your relief, o'er your's shall steal;  
True joy shall on your steps await,  
Belov'd tho' rich, esteem'd tho' great.

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1767.

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## AN ECLOGUE.



YOUNG Shepherd! say, why since the chearful dawn  
 With day's first beams has streak'd the glowing sky,  
 In ev'ry grove, on ev'ry hill, and lawn,

Unwonted scenes of pleasure meet my eye?

Beneath each oak, with flow'ry chaplets bound

The swains at rest, their sprightly carols sing,  
 While to the slender pipe's enliv'ning sound

The village maidens form the sportive ring.

Great tho' our mirth, yet greater is the cause:

Our lowly cots Menalcas deigns to grace,  
 Menalcas whence our land its blessing draws,  
 The friend and guardian of our feeble race.

Let fordid av'rice toil for uselefs gain,

Ambition grasp at what itself destroys;

Whoe'er his boundless favour shall obtain,

Each sep'rate good in one combin'd enjoys.

Slow

Slow wand'ring Stream! along whose flow'ry fide,  
The willing Swains their turfy altars raise,  
As thro' the meads thy chrystal waters glide,  
In gurgling murmurs great Menalcas praise;

And thou, gay Zephyr! the lov'd child of Spring,  
Waving thy painted pinions o'er the spray,  
Whilst to his praise the grateful shepherds sing,  
Bear on thy wings, and in thy breath, the lay!

To these calm feats of undisturbed rest,  
From gaudy Courts our bounteous Patron flies,  
To share their joys, whom He himself has blest,  
And taste that Peace, which He himself supplies.

No longer, then, in wonder gaze around  
At scenes of joy, which love and duty claim,  
But hasten, where the merry carols sound,  
And join the praises of Menalcas name.

ON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. STEPHEN WHISSON.



THE Stream hath fail'd;—but long the tide had  
roll'd

In ample current, and thro' fields of fame  
Display'd the riches of the fertile source;  
Along the banks had many a youthful muse  
With elder science wander'd, while the palm  
Of manly virtue, that in age still blooms,  
There fix'd its root, and spread its branches wide;  
Beneath whose lofty shade each humbler plant  
Of social worth with milder beauty grew:

The stream hath fail'd, but Faith's uplifted eye  
Still sees it flow thro' realms of brighter day;  
Where Spirits immortal gather now the flow'rs  
Of amaranth, that deck the sacred fides,

While

While near the footstool of the Jasper throne  
Where sits th' Almighty ONE, its waters glide  
Beneath the beams of uncreated light.

Here then, ye youths ! who tread with recent step  
These academic groves, here place your wreaths :  
Ye, on whose hopes the chearing morn of life  
Distils its dew-drops, here attentive pause,  
And while you venerate such Virtue pour  
Your vows to Heav'n, that thus your life may flow;

And ye, who long have dwelt within these shades,  
Ye, who best know, and deepest mourn the loss  
Which falls upon the ev'ning of your days,  
Ye venerable Sages ! here address  
Your latest pray'rs, that thus your life may end :  
So shall you both present your truest praise.  
He dying needs no Eulogy from man  
To grace Life's glorious contest, who in Heav'n  
Now reaps the harvest of unfading Bliss,  
Whose seeds unsparing he on Earth had sown.



TO THE MEMORY OF

## GENERAL RUFANE.



E Proud! ye Rich! ye Pow'rfal! and ye Brave!  
 solemn Pomp surround this hallow'd Grave,  
 here lies Rufane, whose life, whose deathless name,  
 united virtues crown with rival Fame.

His heart unmov'd in danger's doubtful field,  
 suppliant pity knew alone to yield;  
 courage free from rashness, bold not blind,  
 which saw death's arm, nor from the stroke declin'd.  
 sent alike to conquer or to save,  
 country's foes he quell'd, his own forgave.  
 duty call'd, he drew a nation's sword,  
 prov'd the cause, the dire effect deplor'd,  
 while stern Conquest rear'd her crest on high,  
 for the vanquish'd fill'd the Victor's eye.

His pow'r impartial, and to none severe,  
To willing trust transform'd reluctant fear,  
A pow'r from Pride, from Tyranny, remov'd,  
Obey'd as strictly as sincerely lov'd.

With riches blest, their noblest end he found,  
And dealt with richer hands his wealth around;  
A wealth, the just reward of years of toil,  
Unstain'd with private Tears, or public Spoil:  
Rais'd by his Gifts, the Wretched ceas'd to groan,  
Thank'd gracious Heav'n, and blest the Friend un-  
known;

Whose watchful care had seen their wants conceal'd  
And e'er the tale was told their Wounds had heal'd

By all rever'd, he shun'd the voice of Praise,  
Pleas'd with the secret tribute Conscience pays;  
Nor Flatt'ry dar'd, with bold intrusive strain,  
The silent zeal of Gratitude profane.

But break that silence, and with ardent mind  
Display his worth by long respect confin'd;  
Give him, now dead, embalm'd with many a tear,  
That praise which living he refus'd to hear.

---

## A FRAGMENT.

What Joy! to know that at some certain hours,  
Tho' Space and Time oppose their envious bars,  
High thoughts encounter and soft wishes join!  
To rise in Fancy, (Fancy built on Truth)  
Still dull Reality in shades be lost,  
And the bright Form we thought on fill its place!  
To hear a sigh in murmurs hov'ring round us,  
And gaze on sights not seen by common eyes,  
Or seen, not comprehended, or enjoy'd!  
By Contemplation, without Body's aid,  
In Man's frail frame to use an Angel's pow'r,  
And chain'd to Earth, foretaste the joys of Heav'n!

LINES

LINES  
ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE SPANIEL,

---

'TIS but a Dog—so speaks th' unfeeling heart,  
Which dead to all emotions, or alive  
To those alone which center in itself,  
Knows not that animating glow of joy,  
Which from a Flower, a Bird, dilates the breast  
Of those, whom Nature in her various works  
Draws with a pleas'd attention, while in all  
They own the blessings of indulgent Heav'n:  
'Twas but a Dog—but with the fondest care  
His master cherish'd him, and found the means,  
Ev'n in that humble Race, to show the warmth  
That fill'd his Bosom; while, by due degrees,  
Ascending in the scale of Love, he show'd  
His favours on the Dog, in distant type  
Of that respect, which he, with truth unchang'd,



themes superior has so long display'd.  
or were his Favours lost; whate'er the eye  
teful could show, while fix'd upon the face,  
those smiles gave birth to all his little joys,  
those frown could check his rude desire to please,  
or Fido shew'd unwearied, till the hour  
when sickness chill'd the vital pow'rs, and Death  
sorted, in their orbs, those languid eyes,  
which still were turn'd, still looking for relief  
supplicating agony, to him  
who saw th' approaching stroke, but could alone  
show his pity, where he could not save.—  
if he wept not, yet his active mind,  
active for that happiness which flies  
before the menace of approaching IN,  
compar'd this passing Sorrow, with the Grief  
might have felt, had Fate decreed at once,  
burst the bands of some more tender tie.  
hence ye gloomy thoughts, and let my theme  
lighter sorrows be again pursu'd!  
sorrows, as may gently sooth, not pierce

The

The feeling heart ; and prove, how well attun'd  
Are all its strings to Pity, and the Touch  
Of humblest work, altho' it boast a name  
Not more exalted than my hapless Fid.

He, to the last, was gentle, but the care  
His master shou'd disdain'd the narrow bounds  
Of Life's short energy ! Forbear ! I cried,  
Ye greedy Tribes of Gain, nor touch the spoils  
Of him, whom oft my fav'ring hand has strok'd  
To whom so often has my chearing voice  
Address'd it's accents, as in wanton play  
He has pursued my steps. Forbear ! I cried,  
Ye hands profane, nor violate his shade.

And you, ye Nymphs ! who in your tranquil  
Wait on your father Thames, while o'er his head  
The busy fleets of Commerce ply their sails ;  
Receive the much-lov'd Fav'rite ; loose the weight  
Which draws him headlong to your dark abodes  
And by those petrifying pow'rs conceal'd  
In your most secret cells, known to the Muse,

ose piercing eye pervades beyond the bounds  
 philosophic search;—convert the mass  
 perishable matter, while the form  
 remains unchang'd; then place the faithful guard  
 ere the entrance of your Grots, and say:

Poor Fid! thy master lov'd thee, and thy death  
 Love permitted not to pass ungrac'd  
 In some memorial verse; here then remain,  
 As we daily watch the rolling Tides  
 Our great Sire, one sigh of pity still  
 Shall heave our wat'ry Bosoms, the reward  
 Thy attachment, of thy master's fondness,  
 Whose tuneful tribute to thy mem'ry gives  
 A Life, he could not on thyself bestow.

---

 1782.
 

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*To*

*To Miss P——,*

Written by the order of Mrs. H——e.



A SPORTIVE strain I once essay'd  
 And prompted by a whim, display'd  
 The praise of Mag, whose chatt'ring throat  
 I rais'd above the Wood-lark's note;  
 Decking her thus, in Flatt'ry's tone,  
 With each perfection not her own.  
 Since Poets shine in Fiction most,  
 Mag's feigned praise perhaps may boast  
 Some transient worth, to raise a smile,  
 Or useless moment to beguile;  
 But now a different Task demands  
 In loftier lays, with abler hands  
 The trembling Muse to strike the Lyre,  
 Which Truth and Friendship both inspire,  
 While I to P——'s ear impart  
 The dictates of a H——e's heart;



For such was her supreme decree,  
 To trust the weighty charge to me.—  
 I could indeed with ease describe  
 The jargon of the courtly tribe,  
 Where ev'ry word, in common shar'd,  
 Is fraught with shows of high regard,  
 And meaning nothing, while I write,  
 Affect the ton, and be polite;  
 But where would be that graceful air,  
 Which baffles ev'ry studied care,  
 Which seems neglected, while it gains  
 The willing mind to wears it's chains?  
 Where would be found that truth sincere  
 From pride and female envy clear,  
 Where we at once in H——e trace  
 A dignity in ev'ry grace?

Yet could I hope my thought to raise  
 To such transcendent heights of praise,  
 Where should I find expressive skill  
 A P——'s polish'd ear to fill?—

On whom, by Nature blest with sense,  
Art has conferr'd new excellence;  
A judgment form'd her pen to guide,  
And hence unerring to decide  
On worth of others, highest shown  
When most approaching to her own,

And could her candour still excuse  
The imperfect efforts of the muse,  
Connubial Juno still I dread,  
In vengeance bursting o'er my head,  
Should I degrade, in languid lays,  
A H——e's worth, a M——n's praise:  
H——e, on whom by Faith well tried,  
The Goddess long has built her pride;  
M——n, for whom she now entwines  
A flow'ry chaplet, and combines  
Each magic spell, of sov'reign pow'r  
On Hymen truest blifs to show'r;  
Each charm, to lull his fondest cares,  
Which Venus in her cestus wears.

At themes like these, my shivering sail  
Contracts its bosom, fears the gale,  
Which calls my bark, but calls in vain,  
To tempt the dangers of the main :  
Like Icarus, in thought I soar,  
While I indignant spurn the shore,  
But timely mindful of his fate,  
I close my wings, and ere too late,  
My muse resigns the daring claim,  
And gives no sea her hapless name.

==  
1780.  
==

*The*

*The Tragic Scale,*  
OR, DEGREES OF  
SERIOUS LOVE.



1. HERE first we feel the tumult of *Surprize*,
2. We strive to speak, and *Speech* imperfect dies
3. *Abash'd*, we scarce support our trembling frame
4. And veil with *Friendship* Love's more subtle flame
5. Now modest worth retires in groundless *Fear*
6. But *Hope* steps forth, the drooping heart to cheer
7. Each soft emotion *Sympathy* returns,
8. And all the breast *Enthusiastic* burns;
9. When, hush!—*Possession* clasps its secret prize
10. And *Myst'ry* shuts detraction's hundred eyes
11. But soon *Regret* sheds unavailing tears;
12. And while *Remorse* her scourge prophetic rears
13. *Despair*, impatient, strikes the fatal blow,
14. And *Death* concludes the varied scene of woe

*Degrees.* 1. *Surprize.* 2. *Silence.* 3. *Bashfulness.* 4. *Pretext.*  
5. *Fear.* 6. *Hope.* 7. *Sympathy.* 8. *Enthusiasm.* 9. *Possession.*  
10. *Mystery.* 11. *Regret.* 12. *Remorse.* 13. *Despair.* 14. *Death.*



*The Comic Scale,*

OR DEGREES OF

## IDLE GALLANTRY.



1. WITH *Curious* glance, here first we take our aim;
2. And quick *Confess* the superficial flame;
3. *Bold* in the chace, we press without delay,
4. And vows, and oaths, with *Lavish* tongue display;
5. Ill-founded claims *Presumption* now inspires,
6. And the breast burns with unreserv'd *Desires*;
7. A selfish fondness our *Attachment* sways,
8. And *Flatt'ry* pours it's overwhelming praise;
9. At last *Enjoyment* short-liv'd transport brings,
10. And thankless *Vanity* its triumph sings;
11. But soon excess *Disgusting* languor breeds,
12. And cold *Insensibility* succeeds;
13. While *Resignation* calmly quits the place,
14. And bids *Oblivion* wipe out ev'ry trace.

*Degrees.* 1. Curiosity. 2. Confession. 3. Boldness. 4. Protestations. 5. Presumption. 6. Desires. 7. Attachment. 8. Flattery. 9. Enjoyment. 10. Discovery. 11. Disgust. 12. Insensibility. 13. Resignation. 14. Oblivion.

PRIVATE

## PRIVATE PROLOGUE

TO

*BON-TON.*

THE wisest man, I need not mention who,  
 In days of yore declar'd, there's nothing new  
 Under the sun;—the doctrine sound I hold,  
 But names and forms are new, tho' things be old;  
 And ev'ry whim, that sports beneath the moon,  
 New-drest by fashion, now is call'd Bon-Ton.

Galen once march'd, important, grave, and big  
 In pomp of fables, and in shade of wig;  
 With puny sword, thro' hole of pocket brought,  
 And cane to chin applied, portending thought;  
 Now, so Bon-Ton decides, behold him stare,  
 With switch in hand, and sword en militaire;

In long smart queue, or smarter bag array'd,  
No robe funereal typifies his trade;  
And Jenny, smiling at the courtly show,  
Cries, Ma'am! I took the doctor for a beau.—

In blended curl of nature and of art,  
The barrister now acts his various part;  
His club, which peeps between the ties behind,  
Notes his tongue to either side inclin'd.

But not o'er phyfic and o'er law alone

Bon-Ton presides; to that imperial throne

The smirking deacon distant homage pays,

And shines in fashion's mitigated blaze;

Forc'd compliance to some bishop's will

He wears no ruffles, but he wears a frill;

Red indeed, or green, he dares display,

But wears strip'd waistcoats, and a frock of grey.

Nor is Bon-Ton to outward forms confin'd,

But rules despotic o'er the inmost mind;

In

In sympathetic charms the female race  
Might once believe, nor blushing hide their face;  
And man, by wit from decency not freed,  
Might in a whisper still assert his creed;  
Bon-Ton now voting sympathy a bore,  
While Angels good, or bad, are now no more,  
Weak Superstition of a sigh can make,  
Then laugh at others for its own mistake.

But we grow serious, and too long delay  
The pleasure promis'd from our private play;  
Pleas'd then, attend to those, who wish to please,  
Give us your smiles, we ask no richer fees;  
For all our failings, let good-will atone,  
And by good-humour, show the true Bon-Ton,

---

1784.

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## PROLOGUE

TO

ZORAYDA.



days long past, when ev'ry Muse was young,  
 Quasion dwelt on ev'ry Poet's tongue;  
 means most obvious were the passions rais'd,  
 pleas'd with novelty, the public prais'd:  
 when Melpomene from year to year  
 Terror forth, or draws Compassion's tear,  
 Plenty cloy'd, and difficult of choice,  
 she gives reluctant, her assenting voice;  
 ev'ry Critic claim's the right supreme,  
 watchful eye to scan the Poet's dream.

hard as the task appears, new dangers rise,  
 guard the conquest of the tragic prizet  
 en here so late Thalia's fav'rite son,  
 wnd with your fairest wreaths, his course has run;

And while with justest aim his glitt'ring spear  
Stops each pretender in his vain career,  
So bright the Satire strikes the dazzled view,  
That with false arts he almost damns the true,

The Tragic Muse demands no common dress,  
And excellence still borders on excess:  
If brooding o'er its wrongs, in thought refin'd  
The Poet trace the workings of the mind;  
If sunk in passive grief the wretched groan,  
Or make in loud laments their suff'rings known!  
Here Pride disdains the Sorrow's plaintive flow,  
There Scoff derides the sophistry of Woe.

'Mid these extremes perplex'd, with firmer hand  
A hapless author should his helm command,  
Than that, which once the adventurous Argo bore  
Thro' closing rocks to reach the destin'd shore;  
When Jove's own race, in wonder felt the sway  
Of momentary Doubt, and chill Dismay,  
Tho' Orpheus sung, and as the sign he gave,  
Each oar in cadence smote the threat'ning wave.

Not more the shapes by changeful Proteus worn,  
In wav'ring judges take to mark their scorn;  
Wh nobler purpose has our Bard employ'd  
Outmost strength your censure to avoid:  
Sensible of failing, studious of applause,  
This tribunal he submits his cause;  
This night presents an Oriental tale  
Where Customs diff'rent as the clime prevail;  
Where Passions fir'd by nearer Suns impart  
How more ardent to th' expanding heart;  
Where Language brilliant as their beams displays  
Bolder flight in more aspiring phrase;  
Where Gesture wears its most tumultuous form,  
Rage, Pride, Anguish, swell the blended storm,  
Such is his plan, and while your awful pow'r  
Desires his fate in this alarming hour,  
The Hope and Fear by turns his bosom fill,  
Soliciting your candor, fearful of your skill,  
Darksome doubts some rays of comfort cheer,  
The most skilful are the least severe.

PROLOGUE

## PROLOGUE

TO

*The Siege of Sinope.*

IN vain would Satire, with misguided rage,  
 Defame the manners of a polish'd age;  
 As if, attach'd to dissipation's wheel,  
 Our hearts had lost both pow'r and wish to feel:  
 When Passion's shafts with intermingled flight,  
 From pleasing pain produce severe delight,  
 When Sorrow weeps, with present woes oppress'd,  
 Or Joy from terrors past, rears high its crest,  
 Nature triumphant will uphold her sway,  
 And all submissive her commands obey.  
 Thus, on Perfection's height we gaze intent,  
 But who shall dare to climb the steep ascent;

When



Where Hope so frequent mourns its own disgrace,  
And checks our ardour in the dang'rous race;  
With doubting steps and agitated mien  
Our bard advances on the stormy scene,  
Rejects the succour of pretended art,  
And builds no flatt'ring hope, but on the heart.

Nor will I longer spread the thin disguise:  
A woman here the plaintive tale supplies;  
On Virtue's base she rears the female throne,  
Calls forth your feelings as she paints her own:  
Whate'er in wedded love our hearts can warm,  
Or give to filial bonds their highest charm:  
Whate'er emotions thro' the bosom dart  
For pangs, which keenest pierce a parent's heart,  
These shall her feeble hand attempt to raise;—  
Give us your tears, we ask no truer praise.

What tho' the gentler sex, of late, have shown  
At least a right to share the poet's crown;  
Still has imperious man assum'd the claim  
To bound Merit's brow to bind the wreath of fame;

Assert

Affert yourselves ye Fair! this chosen night;  
And prove your pow'rs to judge, as well as write;  
And while proud man reluctant, shall confess,  
Each muse may justly wear a woman's dress;  
To your indulgence shall his rigour bend,  
Nor dare to censure, what your tears commend.

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1781.

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VERSES

## V E R S E S

Addressed to a Lady, distinguished for her talents in Poetry; on her coming to reside in the University.

---

Hopeless of gen'ral praise, and well repaid,  
 If they, of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,  
 Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers free,  
 Accept our song with candour.—

MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN.

---

H! let not Fear, with hesitating step,  
 Retard thy entrance to these Groves; for here,  
 Thy kindred train, the willing muses wait  
 To welcome thy approach:—Long have they heard  
 The whisper'd murmurs of thy fame, tho' faint,  
 Thy private life's concealment, where retir'd  
 Domestic virtues crown'd thy days with peace.  
 Or in the wilderness of various rhymes  
 And hasty choice, have they not seen thy song  
 To Cynthia warbled; to whose praise, the waves  
 Of

Of ocean rear, obsequious to her sway,  
Their liquid altar; but, with fond respect  
Bow'd to the humble myrtle, which disclos'd  
Its modest blossoms 'mid th' ambitious boughs  
Of taller trees, less delicately fair:—  
But, why again that blush? Is it that praise,  
When best deserv'd, calls forth the warmest glow,  
That animates a merit such as thine?  
If so, what added ardors wilt thou feel,  
While the soft Muse of Elegy presents  
Her blended wreath of Cypress, and of Rose,  
To grace thy temples, for that votive lay  
Which the too fair, but too severely doom'd,  
Thy regal Mary pour'd, when ev'ry wish  
Was form'd in blissful prophecy, for her,  
With whom in beauty, she could only vie.  
But now, since Fortune smiles, who seldom smiles  
On worth unasking, confident assume  
The pride by Merit claim'd; nor doubtful deem  
That here an unfeign'd female muse can dwell  
Unnotic'd, unapprov'd; or that the lyre



ounding numbers, or in soothing chords  
ll not be heard amid' Urania's fons;  
hose firm researches thro' the vast expanse  
Æther, fix the planetary laws:—  
;—One the work, tho' various pow'rs complete  
exalted Enterprize! to trace a God  
ro' all the wonders of his hands, display'd  
prodigality of boundless power;  
by the charm of number'd sound, to raise  
r hearts to ecstasy, in Virtue's cause,  
doom to exile her opprobrious foes.  
o' Bacon here dispers'd the opposing clouds  
ignorance condens'd, in jarring schools;  
d pointed, like Columbus, to new Worlds  
undiscover'd Science; tho' with mind  
erring as the laws he best explor'd,  
ton confirm'd the still ascending pile,  
Bacon founded; yet, with equal awe,  
gaze on Eden's Phœnix-Bard, who soars  
umphantly, by choirs of Seraphs join'd,  
ond the concave canopy of Heav'n:

K K

Who,

Who, but with wonder, can behold the blaze  
Of Shakespear, prodigy of Nature's strength?  
Who wheels his orb eccentric, thro' the height  
And depth of Fancy, and of Passion; glows  
Now, like a comet, in the near approach  
To absolute perfection, now, retires  
To climes impervious to our straining sight.  
Still wand'ring, still enchanted, we pursue  
The gentle Spenser, roving thro' the maze  
Of fabled truth; still winding, tho' unseen,  
Her fruitful progress, while th' incumbent mass  
Conceals her course; thus sinks Alpheus' stream  
To Arethusa constant, but engulf'd  
Beneath th' Ionian surge, his secret waves  
With unpolluted current haste to meet  
Her hallow'd fountain, in Sicilia's plain.  
Nor less, in later times, with sparing hand,  
While listless lying near some antique beech,  
He strikes his polish'd shell, do we attend  
With cultivated pleasure, to the strain  
Of Gray; who muses on some rustic tomb,

marks the flutt'ring insect, as it spreads  
short-liv'd splendors to the setting sun;  
when in graver tone, he calls sublime  
the scourge of stern Adversity, to fright  
the herd of Folly from their thoughtless sport.  
These be thy favor'd labours; here exert  
thy genial talents, in persuasive tone  
high-wrought Poesy; such as, of old,  
noble deeds devoted, strew'd the paths  
of wisdom, with the fairest flow'rs, that blow  
a deathless bloom, on Aganippe's bank:  
such, as now, in Hayley's flowing verse  
dispels the fumes of Anger, smooths the frown  
of Discontent, and rears, by fairy spell,  
the throne of Temper in Serena's breast.  
Thus, let thy moral Muse, in tents so bright,  
the charms of solid happiness pourtray;  
that Virtue, in her own celestial form,  
may shine with native beams, and overwhelm  
convicted Vice with anguish for her loss.  
These be thy potent arts, by whose command

Thou

Thou shalt inspire in each ingenuous breast,  
The love of order, and obedience, rais'd  
To that supreme enjoyment, which delights  
On blifs of others to erect our own.—

Thus shall these Groves receive beneath their shade  
Their new inhabitant; and Justice place  
As rich a laurel round thy placid brow,  
For youthful hearts amended and refin'd,  
As that, adorning the severer Sage,  
Who leads to Science Granta's rising race.

==  
1781.  
==

TERPSICHOR



## TERPSICHORE,

OR

*The Dance Restored.*

HIGH on Parnassus, in resplendent state,  
 The God of polish'd Arts, Apollo sat;  
 Around his verdant throne with laurel grac'd,  
 In order due the tuneful Nine were plac'd;  
 Near them, combin'd the threefold Graces stood,  
 With Dian, virgin huntress of the wood;  
 Amidst her train, superior to the rest,  
 She rose, the sister of the God confest.

As round the band, his eyes Apollo threw,  
 Unusual sights his fix'd attention drew;  
 In gay Terpsichore, who skilful guides  
 The varied step, and o'er the dance presides,  
 Dejected Languor, Grief forlorn, appear,  
 And stain her glowing beauty with a tear;

An

An added blush was o'er the Graces spread,  
 And ting'd the roses with a crimson red;  
 While o'er Diana's brow, a stern disdain  
 Conceal'd her anger, and suppress'd her pain.

Surpriz'd, the God his wonder thus express:—  
 “ In these retreats of undisturbed rest,  
 Why doth Affliction veil the brightest eyes?  
 Why heave your bosoms with ungente sighs?—  
 Speak thou, the youngest of the sacred Nine!  
 In whom unclouded Joy was wont to shine:  
 Ye Graces! tell your undeserved grief,  
 Nor doubt my pow'r display'd for your relief:  
 Or say, my sister! hath some daring eye  
 Again presum'd thy secret haunts to spy?”

Silence still reign'd; when thus, with anguish press'd  
 Her chief divine, Terpsichore address:—  
 “ Harmonious King! of sacred arts, design'd  
 To soothe the Passions, and improve the mind,  
 True to their charge, while this thy favour'd train  
 Thro' ev'ry Clime and Age extend thy reign:

Unwilling

Unwilling, I must quit my trusted part,  
And mourn my toil despis'd, my fruitless art.

“ Once with the Graces, in Arcadia's plains,  
I taught the modest Nymphs, and decent Swains,  
To cheerful notes in sprightly rounds to move,  
Or wake in solemn steps, respectful Love;  
Oft in our revels, near the close of day,  
Thy radiant sister join'd our sportive play,  
While still her Nymphs, unwearied by the chase,  
Pursued in soften'd speed, a gentler race.

“ But exil'd now soft Elegance and Ease  
Neglected lie, and lose the pow'r to please;  
Mean Affectation stalks with mimic air,  
And mars the servile theft with anxious care;  
Loose frantic gestures with unlicens'd joy,  
Youth's modest mirth, and innocence destroy;  
The maids with veil disclos'd unguarded rove,  
Like venal vot'ries of the Paphian grove;  
The youths, with rude uncultivated pace,  
Rush like the Satyrs from the rocks of Thrace.

From

From scenes like these Diana turns aside,  
The downcast Graces mourn their fallen pride,  
And I, with tears of sorrow and of shame,  
Lament my art abus'd, my faded fame."

She could no more; the God, whose piercing eye  
With anger glow'd, indignant thus replies:—  
"Rash impious race of earth! whose vices brave  
The means my pow'r indulgent yields to save;  
Yet vain their efforts to defeat my will;  
Virtue with Art combin'd shall triumph still.

"Dry then thy tears; let Peace, let Joy, return  
Nor let Resentment in your bosoms burn.  
A white-cliff'd Isle before my sight appears,  
And proud o'er northern waves its bulwark rears;  
There where green Anton rolls its southern tide,  
And Nature wantons in luxurious pride,  
A Nymph resorts, endow'd with ev'ry grace,  
Thy Art to perfect, and thy Fame replace.



To solemn strains when she majestic moves,  
bows, like waving palms, in Delian groves,  
then from their summits self-inclin'd they nod,  
and feel the presence of their native God;  
flow gradation skill'd to bind, or rise,  
thrills the bosom, while she charms the eyes;  
with doubting balance, or with step suppress,  
prepares to move, or moving, sinks to rest;  
while at each change, with equal grace is shown  
motion not ended, rest not yet begun;  
solime advancing, or retreating coy,  
spect inspiring, or awak'ning joy;  
floating form a breathless wonder draws,  
while awe controuls the shouts of loud applause.

Whene'er with swifter foot she deigns to trace  
rustic measures the revolving race,  
lighter bounding o'er the level lawn  
opp'd with exulting hoof the dappled fawn  
Cyparissus, e'er the fatal blow  
lain the too-lamented fav'rite low;

Not smother gliding are the Nereids seen  
In sportive mazes round their azure queen,  
When o'er the mirror of the unruffled deep  
With printless footstep they suspended sweep.  
Yet 'midst the blaze of Youth's alarming fire,  
Calm Virtue's guard corrects each bold desire.  
Henceforth on her, Terpsichore, attend,  
And view with rapture what thou canst not mend  
Crown her, ye Graces, with your fairest flow'rs,  
Who best displays your best attractive pow'rs;  
Grant her with your's, her circling arms to twine  
Selected suppliant at your spotless shrine;  
And Cynthia! thou, till Hymen urge his claim,  
First of thy Nymphs enrol Head's virgin name."

Thus hath a Bard unknown, in humble lays  
And fabled fiction sung thy real praise;  
Whose beams too splendid for the naked light  
Are clearest seen in Truth's reflected light.

*On Two Ladies Singing.*

How can be silent, when such themes of praise  
Demand the tribute of sincerest lays?

Join'd by Nature, what reluctant Muse  
Singing the charms of music can refuse?

Complex'd alone, while various wonders rise,  
Where to assign with truth the doubtful Prize.

Here Campbell pours with conscious strength  
Along

The swelling tide of her impetuous song;

Louder, and louder still each note aspires,

Even with the speed of Heaven's avenging fires,

They dart descending to the solemn pause,

While wonder stops the breath of fix'd applause:

Now in bold discords we suspended hear

The pair's shrill accents rend the trembling ear;

Or

Or gaze, while Grief in undiminish'd state,  
Majestically mourns her adverse fate.

Such are thy pow'rs, and such their praise we yield  
But various laurels deck this ample field:

For there, with charms unknowingly confest,  
A Laura's warblings soothe the soul to rest:  
Or, if the gentle notes compassion move,  
Pleas'd with the pain, the pitying pang we prove:  
While in our ears attentive still remain,  
Th' expiring murmurs of the plaintive strain.  
Equal and smooth, the voice melodious flows,  
No sudden start, no rough obstruction, knows;  
Like lambent flames which round us harmless play  
The sounds alternate rise, and melt away.—

Oh, first of Arts! which thus, to work delight  
Can't e'en extremes of contraries unite;  
In concord sweet, let these thy vot'ries share  
The glorious crown, too much for one to bear.—



## E N V O I.

Thus in almost a bright ideal strain,  
The Bard attempts these merits to explain;  
Let experience, with enlighten'd art,  
Rules to genius and to taste impart;  
Thou shalt be what Campbell once has been,  
And Laura yield the laurel to Delphine.

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1797.

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## V E R S E S

On Fresh-water Cave, in the Isle of Wight.

THE hollow roar of ocean; the hoarse din  
Of grating pebbles, as the loosen'd strand  
Tumultuous follows the retiring surge;  
The lengthen'd ridges of succeeding waves,  
Rolling in deep array their foaming pride;  
The rocks, which dare the menacing assault  
Of angry billows, and triumphant dash  
Their rage aside, while down the cragged cliffs  
The baffled torrents rush in parted streams;—  
All these are objects to the sight, and ear,  
Too great, too awful, to be poorly left  
For idle compliment, or paltry food:  
Here then entranc'd I stay, and silent gaze  
At nature working in her amplest scene,  
Or burst at length in passionate exclaim

Of praise, and wonder at his pow'r supreme,  
Whose word can raise the waters to the clouds,  
Or hush the tempest into breathless calm.

Soon with contracted sway, the haughty tide  
Shall quit the vexed shore, and cease to waste  
Its wearied efforts on the neighb'ring rocks;  
Then underneath some huge o'er-arching vault  
Of Nature's rude magnificence sublime,  
With yawning caverns, with mishapen piles  
Heap'd ruinously firm, where rived chasms  
Unfathom'd Earth's secret womb, in whose recesses  
The howling storm sinks soften'd on the ear  
And distant murmurs, and the dazzling beam  
Of day's bright orb is veil'd in solemn gloom;  
There shall thy friend enthusiastic sit  
In glowing rapture of aspiring thought,  
Wish for some fair companion of the scene,  
Pursue the image in his inmost mind,  
Still by degrees the first, the fav'rite, form,  
Shall glide in floating pace before his sight;

And

And while by Fancy's pow'r, he sees the gleam  
 Of joy and wonder brighten in her face,  
 With doubled transport feel each high emotion  
 Beat at his heart, which bounds at her approach,  
 By knowing that her frame, where ev'ry gra  
 Of female softness dwells, contains a soul  
 Congenial, grateful, ardent, as his own.

1776.



*The INVOCATION.*

E mine *Life's calmer moments*, when the heart,  
 For bounds with ecstasy, nor sinks absorb'd  
 In care's deep vortex, and the gulph of woe;  
 Then can the mind with steady thought pursue  
 Those scenes of transport, which by dazzling rays  
 Disturb the judgment; then review those scenes  
 Of grief, whose vapours from our sight conceal'd  
 Their real shape, or magnified each form;  
 And find the one unworthy of our praise,  
 The other, undeserving our complaint:——  
 But this tranquillity, man's restless soul  
 Avoids; nor knows, that Happiness, like Health,  
 Is then most perfect, when the least perceiv'd.  
 Accept, thou lenient pow'r! the thanks of this  
 Thy Profelyte! who ponders on the past,  
 Stripp'd of joy's flatt'ring smile, alike bereft  
 Of danger's frown terrific, and forewarn'd

M M

By

By these, *Life's calmer moments*, neither darts  
With frantic haste to clasp the future blifs,  
Or shun, with fruitless speed, the approaching care  
Thus, like the myrtle, at the foot, secure,  
Of yonder hill, I plant my root, and catch  
Each genial gale, each show'r of bounteous heaven  
As far superior to the sordid rush,  
Which bends on yonder pool to ev'ry breeze,  
And hides it's head beneath each passing wave;  
As to the oak inferior, which elate  
With pride majestic, on the mountain's top  
Defies the conflict of the roaring storm;  
Till by the lightning from it's root upturn,  
It rushes headlong to the deep, and draws  
The rock, attendant, on it's fall:—thus soars  
On sounding wing Ambition's daring aim;  
Such creeps ignoble Pleasure's low pursuit;  
From both remote, Tranquillity! preserve  
Thy suppliant; *Let life's calmer moments* glide,  
And in their blessing, let him find thy peace.—

BROCKLE

*BROCKLEY WOOD.*

[THE GENIUS SPEAKS.]



AND dwells there still in man's firm the love  
 of sacred solitude, as to forsake

the crowded circle for these calm retreats?—

Can Nature's charms her ancient rights resume,

boasting a conquest o'er the giddy pomp

of futile art? Can silent contemplation

With musing pace attract beyond the noise

of Folly, tripping in her wanton round?—

Must be the change! and from a friendly pow'r

receive, ye favor'd band! an earnest greeting.

“Know me, the genius of this lonely shade;

My office (but alas! how seldom found

its due employment,) to promote the wish

of those, who labour to dispel the clouds

of error from their breast, and urge their thoughts

to Virtue's dictates, and her high reward.

Long

“ Long, hov’ring o’er these venerable trees  
Unseen, have I observ’d the solemn awe  
Rise by degrees, as onward mov’d your steps  
With frequent pause suspended, till they gain’d  
This hallow’d centre of the wood.—Oh, still  
Indulge the ecstasie trance, while I unfold  
The mystic blessings on the mind conferr’d,  
When quitting all the vain pursuits of life,  
Falsely so call’d, it seeks, in wilds like these,  
For true repose, and by ascent sublime  
Advancing, soars from rest to holy joy.

“ View then these branching oaks, the solid growth  
Of distant years, slow rising to their prime;  
But crown’d with strength for centuries to come:  
Behold these rocks! where rolling ages toil  
With nigh-exhausted efforts, to protrude  
The pond’rous masses, as the heaving mold  
Discloses first the promis’d crag, whose brow  
Shall frown hereafter on yon subject plain;—  
Then view the toys of ever-changing man,



crumbling fabrics, and his infant aims,  
see the shadows fly abash'd, like steams  
freedy pools before the morning sun.—  
now climb the summit, and extend your eyes  
er plains, and rivers, to the doubtful ridge  
azure mountains, thence, indignant pierce  
th steadfast ken, the vault immense of heav'n,  
ere, when the pow'r of mortal sight is lost  
undistinguish'd space, the mind still darts  
thought undaunted into realms unseen;  
en view with pity the contracted span  
human conquest, and the bloody toil  
war contending for a fightless grave.—

Wean'd as you are from all the phantoms vain  
earth and its delights, with better hope  
n now, where op'ning to your favor'd eyes  
rock its womb discloses and reveals  
lov'd companions; see the radiant robes  
ating in folds around their airy forms;  
let the sweets of their unfading crowns

Revive

Revive your fainting spirits : hark ! what sounds  
From harps ethereal penetrate the soul  
With soothing rapture, while th' accordant choir  
Proclaim their blifs, prophetic of your own :  
In blended accent flows the song, yet heard  
By me alone, one voice superior chaunts  
A fav'rite theme, one hand prepares a wreath,  
For one selected virgin's blooming brow.  
These too like me, attendant on their charge,  
In human breasts protect the smiling birth  
Of every virtuous passion, and exalt  
The noble purpose into glorious deed.  
Oft have they felt the secret pow'r, when rous'd  
By worthless arrogance, the sudden blush  
Hath redden'd on their cheek ; or when allur'd  
By decent merit, thro' their bosoms ran  
The thrilling transport of congenial praise.

“ And now to us, ye fair, ye owe the thought  
Of seeking these recesses, and for thanks,  
We ask alone, that when, as now the rays

heav'nly light begin to veil their splendor,  
when in your ears the distant sounds shall sink  
languid murmurs by degrees expiring,  
all in your hearts the vision may remain,  
and this my friendly voice be still remember'd,  
to guide your paths to seek our future aid."—

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1776.

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## EPISTLE

*To SERENA.*

NEVER, ah! never must we meet again!  
 No more attentive to the warbled strain,  
 Pass with delight the swift unheeded hours,  
 When music triumph'd in her dulcet pow'rs?—  
 Pow'rs, which disclos'd th' emotions of the heart  
 And gave to Nature all the charms of art;  
 But most, when sounds from Italy convey'd,  
 Or loud, or soft, the splendor, 'or the shade,  
 Which taught the joy of ecstacy to flow,  
 Or clad in Sorrow's veil the plaintive woe?  
 Sweet was the pleasure, when one voice alone,  
 Its accent breath'd in cultivated tone;  
 But sweeter far, when blended voices taught  
 The rich expression of a mutual thought;



As we just had learn'd with skill to raise,  
Then forc'd to quit the duo's mingled lays.

Must we no more in calmer mood pursue  
Some well-written tale the various clue?  
Whether in prose, with elegance refin'd,  
Extrac'd in Marmontel the latent mind,  
Then to Alcidonis, with friendly aid,  
A fairy's hand her phials four display'd;  
When, in verse with Akenfide we rose,  
Wept with Mason at Nerina's woes;  
We chill'd by Glover, at the frantic sword,  
Then fell Medea both her children gor'd;  
We mov'd to pity, at the times of old,  
When Ossian's muse the tale of Carthon told;  
When, in Hayley's bright instructive page,  
Nerina's trials our best thoughts engage;  
Alas! but too severely known,  
We submit to Pride, on Envy's throne,  
Which goaded by malignant zeal,  
Exalts those dangers, which we scorn'd to feel,

N N

And

And dar'd assume the violated name  
Of friendship, to conceal the pois'nous aim.

Recall the day, which gave the year its birth,  
When social Friendship, with convivial Mirth,  
Conspir'd, with Ease and Elegance combin'd,  
By sound to win the ear, by sense the mind;  
When prest, tho' willing, to prolong my stay,  
I gave to C—— one still added day;  
And thought that Confidence and Truth secure,  
Had rais'd their temples on foundation sure;  
But soon, in Absence, low Suspicion rose,  
And turn'd the friends, I left, to secret foes;  
Foes, who from abject jealousy destroy'd  
Those pleasures not to be, by them, enjoy'd.  
Hence, when I fought, returning, to possess,  
My due reward of well-earn'd happiness,  
The gloom of Silence darken'd all the scene,  
And cold Reserve display'd her formal mien;  
Till the pent storm at last a passage found,  
And laid my hopes in ruins on the ground:

By you, indeed, no venom'd dart was hurl'd,  
Whose sense and honour scorn'd a prying world,  
Who nobly list'ning to Truth's solemn voice,  
Which spoke itself its doom, depriv'd of choice,  
Wisdain'd to taste the cup of mean Mistrust,  
And, pure yourself, was to another just;  
Yet were you forc'd reluctant to obey,  
And yield, without conviction, to its sway.—

Hence must, alas! we never meet again,  
Nor hear the moral tale, nor dulcet strain;  
No more delighted, pass unheeded hours,  
When Art and Truth display'd their blended pow'rs;  
Nor must the pen its sentiments convey,  
Nor absent trace, what present I could say;  
Not ev'n that comfort of the injur'd mind  
Should pain or anger from Injustice find,  
Which makes the guiltless undeserving wear  
Those chains, the guilty for their crimes should bear.

Hence, thus, by stealth, Serena must receive,  
That I, in triumph, should be proud to give,

Those

Those proofs of talents, and of truth sincere,  
Which she inspires, and best deserves to hear.

But let us still for present succour fly,  
To what the past can gratefully supply;  
Still let Remembrance on our fancy bind,  
What we in future must not hope to find;  
Bid her recall each sound, each gentle thought,  
When ev'ry Muse her varied tribute brought,  
Serena's ears, and eyes, and sense, to greet,  
And by her sharing, made the joy complete:  
Bid her recall the transitory dream,  
When new-born love, along the Medway's stream,  
With trembling pennons tempted first the gale,  
And *when* and *where* was read the tender tale:  
What glowing phantoms then were seen to rise,  
And *wave their wings* at interrupted sighs;  
*When* Night and Slumber no intrusion fear'd,  
And *where* at Truth's approach Doubt disappear'd  
As low'ring clouds the face of Heaven forsake,  
When thro' the East Morn's rosy footsteps break

See



scenes which to fight can never be reveal'd,  
and now remain in mystic veil conceal'd.—

*Restrain'd in action, but in thought still free,*  
let us, as ever, to each other be;  
defy the malice of an envious fate,  
and for ourselves internal blifs create;  
With conscions truth our injur'd worth defend,  
and Phoenix-like from smould'ring piles ascend.  
From piles, her pois'nous plants where Pride has prest,  
and *Malice* made of faded flow'rs her nest,  
Will let us soar to some serener sky,  
Where Virtue lives, and Pride, and Envy, die.

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1796.

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## AN EPISTLE

*To Two Ladies.*

FROM these calm seats, where thoughtful Science  
 strays

With solemn step thro' unfrequented ways,  
 Where, while unchanging objects fix the sight,  
 New thought alone gives birth to new delight ;  
 Where days to days succeed in tenor flow,  
 Like gentle streams which scarce appear to flow;  
 How shall a Muse from Cam's sequester'd side  
 Mix with the Nymphs who stem the swelling tide,  
 Where Thame and Isis with united stream  
 Invite the radiance of the noon-tide beam?  
 Or how, immers'd in search of truth severe,  
 Attempt to please, and win a lady's ear?  
 She cannot strain her voice to Wilkes's name,  
 Or blow the trumpet of his doubtful fame;

Freedom

freedom she loves, but freedom of the mind,  
er Earth and Heav'n to wander unconfin'd:  
all less can she or relish or describe  
he reign of Pleasure and her heedless tribe;  
here Pride self-tir'd to crowded circles flies,  
and spreads her tinsel to the gazers eyes.  
at vain these tears with you, whose taste refin'd,  
truer pleasures, truer joys can find;  
female pair, whose undisputed claim  
o private merit needs no public fame;  
ho, not constrain'd abroad for joy to roam,  
an find it waiting in a cheerful home.

Then kindly listen, while a well-known Muse,  
numbers loose, a plaintive theme pursues;  
here Truth, assisted by an harmless art,  
all speak the genuine dictates of the heart,—

Spring now returns, and o'er the waving fields,  
nature her stores in rich profusion yields;  
the branching trees their friendly shade extend,  
the rising flow'rs around their odour send;

The

The wanton birds repeat their cheerful sound,  
While from the folds the lambs are bleating round,  
Content and Ease their happy sole employ,  
They call on anxious man to share their joy.  
Here oft alone with musing pace and air,  
I strive to free my troubled breast from care;  
Care, which o'erclouds kind Nature's fairest scene,  
And turns to fable hue the lively green:  
Here oft I turn the grave historic page,  
And learn the woes of some far distant age,  
Hoping, while Pity prompts the gen'rous moan,  
In their deep sorrows to absorb my own:  
False flatt'ring art! which adds but cares to cares,  
And heaps on mine the needless weight of theirs.

Now to Rousseau I fly for soothing aid,  
Whose heart so sorely for his Julia bled,  
When Fate denied him Love's delightful charms,  
And tore his mistress from his longing arms.  
Ill fated pair! by Nature vainly blest  
With hearts too tender to know joy or rest,



all to the world shall your example show  
how vain the search for happiness below.  
From him I learn my present grief to bear,  
And firmly stem the tide of chill despair.  
I'll fix'd on Virtue in her utmost height,  
And strain to reach her in her daring flight.  
Oh! the task impos'd by cruel Fate,  
To quench the ardors of a flame so great;  
To tear the object from my doating eyes,  
To crush the soft ideas as they rise;  
To change short hours of joy for years of pain,  
To lose, when won, what thousands wish to gain.  
That tho' the task, still greater is the end;  
To lose Laura's peace, what hardship shall contend?  
To see hope in view, I brave my single woe,  
I feel no joys, but what her breast shall know.  
Since friendship best is shown in sharing pain,  
Not my friend unkindly hear this strain;  
I think her sister fills alone my mind,  
And in this earnest wish you both are join'd:

May Heav'n each sorrow from you both remove,  
Save what from pity with delight you prove.—



*To the Same.*

Oft has the Muse been call'd, with false relief,  
To stem the torrent of o'erwhelming grief;  
Oft has she tried with healing charm to find  
The throbbing anguish of a wounded mind;  
Weak power of Fancy, by gay Fiction rais'd,  
Scorn'd by the wretched, by the happy prais'd.  
With stronger chains is real Sorrow bound,  
Nor hears the comfort of delusive sound.  
Like th' adders, deaf, is Sorrow's languid ear,  
Tho' sweetest strains conspire its grief to cheer,  
The stubborn sense each lenient art defies,  
Nor heeds the charmer's voice, tho' soft as wise.  
Each varied thought but varies the distress,  
And the heart bleeds at what the lips express.  
Quit then, my Muse, thy unavailing claim,  
And turn where Joy affords a truer fame.

is thy province, when the heart elate  
th good, long hop'd for, long denied by Fate,  
ardent wish, at last, triumphant gains,  
d scarce the treasure of its bliss contains.  
e then exert the wonders of thy skill,  
I tell the raptures which my bosom fill :  
l, that the pangs of Fear no more I prove,  
d count the riches of my prosp'rous love:  
ell on each part, and with a miser's eyes,  
fond division multiply the prize:  
as copious streams in one united tide  
rwhelm the plains, and drown rich Autumn's pride;  
ile parted channels to each field convey  
e fruitful blessings of their milder sway.  
that in vain would distant realms disjoin  
e chain which links my fair one's heart to mine;  
that increasing Time's all-wasting course,  
love like ours but adds increasing force.  
that the thoughts of Day, the dreams of Night,  
e Dawn's light blush, and Ev'ning's purple light,

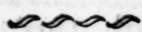
All,

All, all, alike support my constant flame,  
And changing ever, find me still the same.  
Such be thy task! but vain thy boasted sway;  
Nor Joy, nor Sorrow, can'st thou well display.  
Love can alone his own high raptures feel,  
And ardent looks his ardors best reveal;  
His breath exhales alone in melting sighs,  
And on his lips Expression falt'ring dies;  
The rising heart expands to paint its bliss,  
But sinks entranc'd beneath the mutual kiss.  
Quit then the task, and let Love's stronger spell  
Express in silence what thou can'st not tell.—

==  
1770.  
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## EPISTLE

*To CLARINDA.*

CUSE me the freedom I take in the name,  
 the same the good humour, the virtue the same,  
 y make you, as each your true character shows,  
 erse be Clarinda, and G——t in prose.

myself I might also have once without danger  
 e assum'd, with the manners, the title of Ranger;  
 he, if he happen'd some fair one to meet,  
 his life could not keep on his own side the street;  
 must cross, were it only to speak with his eyes:  
 no more of that story—a word to the wife.—

w that years have increas'd, and with years to be  
 sure,

h a black coat to boot, I must needs be demure,  
 longer to Ranger's gay name I pretend,  
 must call myself C——r your reverend friend;

And

And as such, I have sent you these lines to peruse,  
Where Pity has borrow'd the aid of the Muse;  
For woe to my Reverence, could it divide  
From my heart its soft feelings, and turn them to pride  
Which disdains to be mov'd at a subject of woe,  
When the merits were high, tho' the fortunes were low  
And howe'er from the pulpit in prose we may preach  
And by form throw a damp o'er the lessons we teach  
Yet of old oft has Heav'n condescended to choose,  
For the voice of an Angel the voice of a Muse.—  
But for these tripping measures, these thoughts are  
not fit,

This angelical Muse then at once I shall quit;  
And return to Clarinda, to Friendship, and Ease,  
Not pretend to instruct, but wish only to please;  
And if I a sigh in your bosom can raise,  
While lamenting o'er Fido, his fondness I praise,  
If a tear down her cheek for a moment should steal  
Where unknown to herself, Youth and Beauty reveal  
What Fable has feign'd, might in Hebe be seen,  
But what Truth must confess in the bloom of a G—n

Such the reward be, that sigh shall proclaim  
More honour to Fid, than the trumpet of Fame;  
That tear shall impart greater joy to his shade  
Than ev'n the soft tribute his master has paid.

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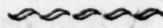
*On Reading the Resignation Speech of  
Washington, to the Assembly.*

1796.

— I sleep with it beneath my pillow,  
And in my dreams behold Lycurgus, Solon,  
Stretch forth their arms, to hail their Washington.  
But much I fear such wisdom will be vain,  
And truths so awful, with unheeding ears  
Receiv'd for practice, 'mid resentful Pride,  
And vain Ambition of misguided states.  
My turn you see is verse; but I revere  
Each eloquence of prose as Washington's;  
Each sober certainty of waking sense,  
Above all glitt'ring phantoms of those dreams  
Which wave their wings, as panting sleep inspires.

LETTER

## LETTER

*To H. S——.*

OH partial Fortune! why dost thou bestow  
 Thy gifts on those, who with unthankful hand  
 Lavish thy bounty, making nor themselves  
 Nor those around them happy; whose envious eye  
 Still upwards gazes on superior state,  
 Nor downwards deigns to cast one pitying look  
 To the poor prostrate wretch, who sues for bread.

Oh speak! ye feeling hearts, ye that have known  
 The thrilling joy, when unexpected alms  
 Have kindled new-born life, and spread a smile  
 O'er the pale visage of despairing Want;  
 While in the eye the sudden tear arose,  
 And thanks too great for utterance choak'd the voice  
 Speak, how far greater is the transport felt  
 From gold so given, than from gold receiv'd!



Oh! had I now but half the useleſs ſtore  
Which Miſers hoard, or Libertines deſtroy,  
Inſtead of thoſe few mites, whoſe caſual aid  
ſtills for a time, the hungry wand'rer's cry;  
How would I pour, with well-determin'd plan,  
Laſting comfort in the lap of thoſe,  
Who free from anxious want, or ſharp diſtreſs,  
Still pine in melancholy diſcontent,  
Their hearts united, but their hands diſjoin'd,

What are the lines a Raphael's hand can trace,  
Or what the Graces of a Guido's ſkill,  
To the ſweet proſpect of contented Eaſe,  
Which owns, which loves, which thanks, its Bene-  
factor.

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1773.

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## A SCENE.

O CUPID! never, never may thy servant  
 Lose the remembrance of that hour of bliss;  
 When, kneeling at her feet, my trembling arm,  
 With sudden starts, and with unequal pressure,  
 Clasp'd as she sat, her yielding waist; while her's,  
 By me so guided, nor by her remov'd,  
 In gentlest fold, was on my shoulder laid.

Close on the panting softness of her bosom  
 My head reclin'd, sustaining on my cheek  
 The weight of her's; and ever and anon  
 Turning with graceful, slow, reluctant bend  
 Her head, oft interrupted by her fears,  
 She fix'd her lips to mine; on which a kiss  
 So soft, so gentle, was impress'd, that Love,  
 And that, the chastest could alone have felt,  
 Or valued it's delight; while still our hands  
 Were lock'd in mutual grasp of ecstasy.

1764.

A SCENE.

## A SCENE.



OH what a scene ! to memory how dear !  
 When wounded Pride and Anger, from the field  
 Of Truth their baffled efforts had withdrawn :—  
 Then, when the hand of Concord was receiv'd  
 Kindly, as offer'd; when Rosalba sunk  
 With sudden impulse in Horatio's arms :  
 One hand of her's upon his shoulder lay,  
 Her other, prest in his, was gently rais'd  
 To meet his bosom, where her head reclin'd ;  
 Or if uplifted, with a look which spoke  
 In silence, more than language could impart.  
 Our lips were join'd, and with united fear,  
 She, to have granted, I to have desir'd  
 More than by friendship was allow'd, we breath'd  
 The mutual warmth of tenderness supprest :  
 Trust re-assum'd her throne, perhaps, Regret  
 On both sides, check'd a tear, but ill supprest :

Short

Short was the moment, but contain'd the wealth  
Of ev'ry past endearment, and indulg'd  
The hope, that future confidential hours,  
When conscious Worth its homage would accept,  
Would bring the repetition of the scene,  
And Memory pronounce it still the same.

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1794.

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### *A FRAGMENT.*

NO more let lovers disappointed sigh  
For ills, which Care and prudent Skill defy;  
Or rail at women, as perfidious grown,  
Deeming them light for follies of their own.  
Women discern who right or wrongly sue,  
And ask'd with skill, with caution will refuse;  
But to secure your hopes, and crush their pride,  
Ask not, till sure of being not denied.—



## THE SYLPH.

*What am I?*

LIGHT as the Sylph, that viewless floats in air,  
 Form too subtile for the sight I wear;  
 He his, no bars can stop my destin'd course,  
 Most compest, I most exert my force:  
 Sweeter charge than all the sweets of spring,  
 I triumph on the Zephyr's wing,  
 When from the shade of some sequester'd grove,  
 I bear my tribute of respectful love:  
 I have I none, yet Waller's plaintive moan  
 Is but my Echo, in a fainter tone;  
 When by my pow'r, in ev'ry line confest,  
 I woo'd the warmth of Sacharissa's breast.  
 No partial custom, no prescrib'd controul,  
 Diverts my genuine energy of soul;

From

From Ganges bank to Orelana's stream,  
From polar snows to day's most parching beam,  
From Nature drawn, my universal claim  
Alike prevails, in accent still the same.  
From books let studious heads procure their art,  
I ask no talents, but a feeling heart ;  
Yet while to Passion's storm I rest unknown,  
My gentler pow'r the soft emotions own ;  
Fondness and Truth on me secure rely,  
And doubt the lavish tongue, th' alluring eye ;  
But oft my trust unwilling I betray,  
Then most sincere, when most I disobey.

Whate'er I am, to Laura now I bend  
My wand'ring course, and fix'd on her attend ;  
Pleas'd when she smiles to be but half reveal'd,  
Doom'd, when she frowns, to be again conceal'd  
This secret charm, may none but Laura know,  
Who best can raise my joy, can heal my woe.—

*Counterpart*

TO THE

S Y L P H.



Not thy form, too subtile for the fight,

al Phantom, unsubstantial Sprite!

more with me pretend to equal fame,

yield the palm to my superior claim:—

ent on conquest, Love each art applies,

charm our ears, or fascinate our eyes;

urns the smile, or frown of beauty wears,

youth and age with varied spell ensnares;

arrows thus prepar'd for ev'ry foe,

ever glitter, and for ever glow;

hen the points from me their temper gain,

is the hero's shield, his spear is vain:

Nor Fable this, for Truth's historic page  
Records my triumph thro' each distant age;  
When Rome ungrateful once, now weak, implor'd  
Her banish'd warrior to suspend his sword,  
In vain was each submissive suit applied  
To calm his vengeance, or to soothe his pride;  
When from my source her best assistance flow'd,  
And Rome to me, her future grandeur ow'd.

In guilty woes I bring her surest aid,  
To Heaven by Angels joyfully convey'd;  
Where, from her lips, when pray'r imperfect fails  
My silent off'ring of the heart prevails:

The same my pow'r to minister relief,  
In joy's high transport, or in depth of grief:  
Nor less by me, when War has ceas'd to roar,  
And peace again salutes the tranquil shore;  
Each mother hails her conqu'ring son's return,  
Or pays my homage to his laurel'd urn.



And if on her, to whose accomplish'd ear  
 these lines describe my talents, I appear,  
 mov'd by these fond images of woe,  
 America's breast my influence may know,  
 no proof superior can their merits claim,  
 but boast that tribute as their fairest fame.

---

### A CHARACTER.

WILD without weakness, with refinement strong,  
 turning seldom, tho' less seldom, wrong;  
 serv'd, yet easy, gentle, yet severe,  
 serious, yet prudent, sprightly, yet sincere:  
 soul superior to her sex's arts,  
 rejecting Falshood, as a proof of parts:  
 each hour provok'd, her anger still subsides,  
 triumphs in silence, and by yielding, guides:  
 with talents blest, with sense matur'd in youth,  
 move to Virtue, from a love to Truth;  
 dear to a few, who know her worth to prize,  
 by she scorns, while Scorn unheeded flies.

## V E R S E S

Continued from Darwin, Part I. Canto 4. after v. 164.



But, what is fable, what are fancied tales,  
 When undissembled Grief the heart assails?  
 Fair as the Mermaids, who, lamenting, lave  
 Their loosen'd tresses in th' Icarian wave;  
 The lovely Dyer, in connubial band,  
 Had, to Rosiere, engag'd her virgin hand;  
 When he, too fond of philosophic Fame,  
 Descri'd the triumph of a warmer flame;  
 Aspir'd to pierce thro' empyreal skies,  
 But left the lustre of Susannah's eyes;  
 Deserted thus, she scarce indulg'd a tear,  
 And lonely mourn'd, because she mourn'd sincere  
 But, while with efforts she her pangs suppress,  
 The dart still deeper rankled in her breast;

venom'd there with long protracted strife,  
 all hopes of longer or of happier life;  
 length, exhausted by her woe conceal'd,  
 death, Rosiere! thy promise she reveal'd;  
 Here be, she cried, thy broken vows forgiven,  
 and let me find unbroken faith in Heav'n!"—

### A FRAGMENT.

HOE'ER would crown his wishes with the fair,  
 so self-assuming let his eyes declare;  
 with meek reserve submissive mask his aim,  
 and by degrees, with caution show his flame;  
 like airy bubbles are Love's subtile joys,  
 which the mild blast creates, the rough destroys;  
 thus most shall find, who most my words believe,  
 that what you dare not ask, they dare not give.

# A FRAGMENT.

AVAUNT, Suspicion! dark ungen'rous fiend!  
 Or come! for now I dare thee to endure  
 The light of day, and Truth's more dazzling lustre  
 Left, like a foe conceal'd, thou should'st attack,  
 In some weak pliant hour, my heart unguarded,  
 And gain the conquest, e'er the trumpet sound.

And thou, Remembrance! tell in my defence,  
 Tell o'er and o'er the never-wearying story  
 Of Love's long combat, and his rich reward:  
 How, where, and when, with ev'ry circumstance  
 Which can, to souls endued with high conception  
 Enhance it's worth, and multiply it's bliss.

Yet not, in words;—but let thy magic power  
 Call forth such forms to th' intellectual sight,



may at once declare their gentle purpose,  
 or yet prophane the mystery they show.——

'Tis done; they rise; I see them glide before me;  
 while on my mind, Joy leaves its radiant path,  
 like falling meteors on the sky of night.——

*Ardet amans spe nixa fides.*

MISS unpossess'd first animates desire,  
 and Hope with hov'ring pinion fans the fire;  
 appeals to mem'ry for her past success,  
 or deems the future triumph will be less;  
 with thus supported scorns her earthly chain,  
 and make the future, in the present reign,  
 prizes the substance of Hope's fleeting shade,  
 and glows with love of what itself had made.

1782.

## A FRAGMENT.

NO longer did the Cam with gentle course,  
 In rippling eddies which invite repose,  
 Glide thro' the vales enamour'd of his banks;  
 But with the ruin of a torrent rude,  
 (Tho' ev'ry muse her softest notes essay'd,  
 To stop the fury of his swelling waves)  
 Roll'd on regardless his impetuous stream.

The trees, which bending o'er his rushy side,  
 Drank life and vigour from his silver urn,  
 Now torne defenceless from their native roots  
 Float in confusion, and with boughs entangled,  
 Increase the ruin they are doom'd to share.

The kid, which, sporting, in the lucid stream  
 View'd oft the shadow of his wanton play,

now strives in vain to fix his feet secure,  
as he rises, ere he sink for ever,  
to his helpless dam in vain for aid.

The shepherd, flying from the wat'ry war,  
takes an ascent, from which, with pangs redoubled,  
sees, what dearer than himself he priz'd,  
Cot, his Wife, his Children, all involv'd,  
swept away from his decreasing sight:  
in scorning safety which they could not share,  
plunges headlong in the closing wave,  
joins their corpses in a wat'ry grave.

1768.

Δορυτῆαυτος δ' αἰθρῇ ἐπιμαίνεται.

I DREAM of Æschylus; I rave; I write.—  
 Away with fetter'd Caution, pale Reserve  
 Of doubting Moderation, which contracts  
 The soul's elastic vigor!—Give me rather  
 Th' ambitious efforts of a daring Muse  
 Proud of her theme, and conscious of her pow'rs:  
 Doubts th' Æschylean eagle, while he soars  
 Thro' Heav'n's wide concave, whether he can beat  
 The Sun's meridian blaze? No, rather urg'd  
 With hopes increasing from the near approach,  
 His eye imbibes the radiant stream of light  
 In purer emanations:—Does the steed  
 Of Pindar, tho' the distant goal be hid,  
 Pause for a moment, fearful for the palm?  
 No; but with irritated ardor, bursts  
 The barrier, bounds triumphant of success,  
 And scorns the narrow limits of the race.



*Epitaph on a Young Lady.*

vain has death each tender pray'r denied,  
 and cropt this flow'r in all its youthful pride;  
 fresh it blossoms thro' unfading years,  
 and by our sighs, and water'd by our tears:  
 remembrance here, with pleasing pain pursued,  
 keeps the lovely image unsubdued;  
 Hope, enlighten'd by Faith's ardent ray,  
 enjoys the substance in Heav'n's brighter day.

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*A FRAGMENT.*

And I will woo thee in a strain so humble,  
 that Modesty herself shall not disclose  
 how lush too roseate; but the blood which dances  
 Nature's sprightly measures thro' my heart,  
 shall so be check'd by reverential awe,  
 that paleness on my salt'ring lips shall spread  
 earthy hue; and thou, thy fears shalt banish  
 confidence of those, thou seest me show.

R I

THORLY

## THORLY WOOD.



Delightful grove! beneath whose friendly shade,  
 All care forgetting, one short hour I stray'd;  
 Where Nature pleas'd displays her fairest view,  
 To wake our wonder, claim our praises due:  
 O, let the Nymphs, who by the silver moon,  
 Or golden lustre of the sultry noon,  
 Dance in thy paths with lightly-varied feet,  
 Or in thy streams assuage the scorching heat,  
 With pleas'd attention listen from their bow'r,  
 While from a grateful heart these pray'rs I pour!

May Spring, when smiling on the new-born year  
 First in thy woods, with flow'ry robe appear!  
 Here first the cooing of the dove be heard,  
 With the first song of Night's melodious bird;  
 Here may no boy conceal the faithless snare,  
 The moaning mother from her brood to tear,

cruel angler, with dissembled food,  
lice to death the tenants of the flood;  
When Cynthia, virgin regent of the night,  
thy tall trees shall spread her trembling light,  
By glow-worms cast their native beams around,  
The glitt'ring gems upon thy mossy ground,  
No'er the level of thy yielding green,  
The circling track of fairy dance be seen!—

When at high noon the Summer heats prevail,  
Nature pants for Zephyr's cooling gale,  
No fell serpent rear its crested head,  
In rage inflam'd at some unwary tread;  
When surcharg'd with blue sulphureous store,  
Lab'ring clouds expand with deaf'ning roar,  
While forked light'nings with pernicious glare  
Increase the horrors of the troubled air;  
Hence, ye baleful fires; your shafts remove,  
And blast the verdant honours of this grove!—

When the ripe treasures of rich Autumn's field,  
Winter's icy grasp shall drooping yield,

When now no more the stiff suspended rill  
Shall on our eyes Sleep's soothing dews distil,  
And tho' defac'd thy trees in ruin bear  
Still by their trunks their former state declare,  
May soft'ring snows thy tender plants infold,  
And guard thy sucklings from severer cold;  
So shall thy beauties with the rising year,  
In heighten'd vigour and new pride appear.—  
Such be the blessings of thy favor'd state;  
For which let Peace in all thy paths await;  
Do thou relieve the lover's doubting mind,  
And make him see his cruel fair one kind:  
Soft be his sighs as Zephyr's balmy breeze,  
Which fans the verdure of thy fav'rite trees;  
No stream of tears bedew his glowing cheek,  
But those which Joy's excess in silence speak;  
Cheer thou his bosom with Hope's kindest beam,  
And let no breeze too loud disturb his dream.

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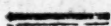
1768.

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## LETTER

*From a Lady.*

LAS! how fleeting are the joys, this life  
 affords!—but now, and all was joy, serene,  
 cheerful and happy; now, ah sad reverse!  
 Dark clouds of discontent, distrust, reproof,  
 Advice, arise to dim the pleasant scene,  
 Which offer'd once Delphine to her Alcime,  
 His best his first of women;—and Alcime  
 Was to Delphine the first of men:—Oh change  
 Now fatal!—Envy, malice, ev'ry thought  
 Ungentle—but avaunt, such thoughts! return  
 To your own dark abodes, where Spleen upholds  
 Her court terrific, and in discord reigns  
 Tyrannic o'er the captive minds of thousands;  
 Who from revenge and envious malice bow  
 With joy to such a Sovereign;—but Delphine,

Once

Once thy lov'd ward, Sophrosyne! intreats  
Again thy aid:—Oh gentle Sprite! exert  
With friendly hand thy power: wave o'er her head  
That more than magic spell, which oft has turn'd  
The tide of discontent to gentlest streams  
Of kind forgiveness:—Now, thy tiny wand  
Wave o'er the thought disturb'd, and throbbing heart  
Of my most worthy, much esteemed friend!  
Dispel each care distressing to his bosom,  
Or to Delphine ungentle!—Chase with speed  
Each sad idea of diminish'd truth,  
Which fancy might engender in my friend  
Still faithful, trusting;—but Sophrosyne!  
Thou constant guide of Virtue and of Truth,  
Upon thy pow'r and friendship, thy Delphine  
Depends:—and now, lov'd Julia! Laura, thou,  
And thou St. Preux! chaste spirits, who in climes  
By mortals unexplor'd, to th' human race  
On earth inscrutable;—Ye tender friends!  
Compassionate, yet just, still over near,  
Support and elevate my soul, beyond

The pow'r of acting wrong—Me, who in tears  
oft have mourn'd your suff'rings, and admir'd  
your virtues; 'tis Delphine, who thus implores  
your aid,—nor will you spurn this artless suit;  
but still I've not requested all; protect  
your own disciple; shield—nor will you be  
less kind to friendship—shield him from the shaft  
of envious tongues malicious, which would taint  
his all-uncommon virtues; oh preserve  
from calumny such worth! inspire his mind  
with ev'ry quality, which makes belov'd  
his talents; make him to the world appear  
as good, as in the thought of his Delphine!—  
this all I ask;—but, Heav'n alone, the source  
and parent of all goodness, can fulfil  
these wishes—then to that Supreme I bow  
obmissive; and from Him I still can live,  
and hope for ev'ry earthly good, or bear  
such evils, as by him may be impos'd.

ANSWER.

# A N S W E R.

THUS, does she write in *Absence*, where the eye  
 Of piercing Truth perceives no discontent,  
 The nicest ear can scarce a blemish find  
 For studied skill t'amend; thus, when the mind  
 Is free from fetters, and the heart expands  
 With nobleness it's own; and thus her pray'r  
 To Heav'n and to Sophrosyne has found  
 Gracious acceptance; for th' ensuing morn,  
 Ere yet the pow'r of lovely dreams had ceas'd  
 To wave his airy wand, ere sleep unclos'd  
 Reluctant eye-lids to behold the light,  
 The Muse, with living lyre, had from the strings  
 Swept the sweet prelude, leading to the strains,  
 Which hail'd the lov'd return to peace, and joy,  
 T' Alcime, and to Delphine, once more *themselves*  
 Once more in Truth, and Confidence the *same*:  
 And oh, if *Presence* would but always give



pleasures, talents, virtues to exist,  
in the *world* we join—no fond request,  
application would remain for Heav'n,  
or Sophrosyne, to grant; and all would prove  
ample circle of sincere delight:  
where, unfriendly storms, and low'ring clouds  
content, advice, reproof, appear;  
those, *perhaps*, not from a just Alcime,  
from a source still dearer to the heart  
filial duty, from *maternal* care;  
tho' sometimes more anxious than the cause  
itself, still must be giv'n with kind intent,  
by a daughter thankfully receiv'd;  
it may draw those pearly drops which fall  
Heav'n's own dew upon the fertile fields:  
not always from such bounteous skies  
clouds descend; the storm at distance grows,  
kindling light'nings gleam upon the sight;  
Insult half calls forth the sword, and Danger,  
threat'ning aspect, scowls upon the *trial*;  
grossest Ignorance, and wilful Error

s f

From

From Envy sprung, and unprovok'd Revenge,  
Compel Alcime to check his strong resentment,  
And force Delphine to veil in downcast looks  
The lustre of her eyes, restrain the flow  
Of lively converse, or obstruct the boon  
Of favours, fitting for her youth to give  
In conscious innocence, for prudent years  
To ask with safety—making her Alcime  
Suffer for faults not his;—Justice indeed  
At length appear'd, and looks up-rais'd, less lost  
In silence, were restor'd;—but *Absence* shows  
Each thought, each action, of her best of men,  
In Truth's own colours, and in form most just.

Let then the *Present*, my Delphine! elapse  
In notice, not more pointed than it's due;  
Let us recall, in mem'ry's happiest train,  
The confidential *Past*; when worthiest *scenes*  
Display'd the lustre of their purest blis:  
Let us repeat, when Time on *future* wing  
Pursues his course, that animated train

letter'd intercourse, which late has shewn  
Delphine, and her Alcime the *Same, Themselves*:  
Let thy Julia, move the tender heart  
Feel her sorrows, and partake her joys;  
Akenfide exalt the mind, to range  
O'er all the scenes, *Imagination* paints,  
Taste the *pleasures* of her brightest blifs;  
Petrarch chaunt his Laura, while on earth  
Blefs'd this nether world, and mourn her loss,  
When she departed to her native heav'n;  
Sometimes let a kindred heart and mind  
Pursue at distance the transcendant train,  
Follow in his *Progress*, as he first began,  
Embrace ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,  
Which in Delphine abide:—far from the tribes  
Vulgar, vain, admirers, who in youth  
Idle Flatt'ry trust;—as far above  
The sneer of *Ridicule*, or coarser tone  
Of famous Reproach:—His aim alone  
To raise each talent, cultivate the plant  
Of Virtue, Honour, and of ev'ry Grace,

Whose

Whose branches blossom in so fair a field;  
 And gain her favour, as his best reward—  
 To these intreaties, and not doubting hopes,  
 Let me affix the potent talisman  
 Of A to D, in this it's mystic form.

A. —

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 1797.
 

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### EPITAPH.

HAIL! chosen few! whose suff'rings Heav'n desir'd  
 To teach submissive patience to Mankind;  
 Whose virtue calm in all afflictions shone,  
 To point out other's bliss, and crown their own  
 Such Hooper was; in long diseases tried,  
 He self-approv'd, of God accepted died.  
 And, O ye blessed Pow'rs! forgive the Muse,  
 Who now, with daring wing, her flight pursue  
 Could Age, or Anguish, stop your Angel breath  
 As he your life had liv'd, so ye would die his death

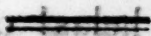
EPIT.



# EPITAPH.



HITHER ye Parents! turn your aged eyes;  
 And here, ye Children! see where Daphnis lies:  
 No fondest cares the lovely child could save,  
 Nor earliest years protect him from the grave.  
 Learn hence, no more Youth's flatt'ring bloom to trust,  
 Since Youth like his, lies moulder'd into dust;  
 And you, ye Parents! as ye read the stone,  
 Weep o'er this child, and tremble for your own.—



# A FRAGMENT.

ARE these the shackles of a free-born Muse?  
 Not so, of old, near Aganippe's fount  
 In graceful measures mov'd th' Aonian maids;  
 Nor o'er Parnassus' double-headed rock  
 Bounded their winged steed: when Athens, form'd  
 By Emulation's sons, with due respect  
 Observ'd the noble contest of the bards,  
 And drew her judgment from all perfect forms.

*Epitaph*

*Epitaph on a Married Lady.*

HERE of Eliza rest the cold remains,  
 Whose life in days was short, but long in pains:  
 Death heard her wishes when his dart he cast,  
 For in her husband's arms, she breath'd her last:  
 Reader! live thou, if longer be thy date,  
 In worth her equal, with a milder fate;  
 And while on earth thy fruitless tears are giv'n,  
 Thine be a like reward with her's in heaven.



TROP peu de jours, hélas! ont terminé sa vie,  
 De trop longues douleurs sans cesse poursuivie;  
 La Mort enfin frappa du seul trait qui fut doux,  
 Quand l'Epouse expira dans les bras de l'Epoux;  
 Toi, lecteur! fais ces vœux; que le tems que te reste,  
 En vertu soit égal, en malheurs moins funeste,  
 Et que quand à ta mort tes amis pleureront,  
 Ses palmes dans le ciel te couronnent le front!

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**EXTRACTS**

**FROM**

**ORIGINALS.**

---

L'enthousiasme est le dernier degré de la passion : quand elle est à son comble, elle voit son objet parfait ; elle en fait alors son Idole ; elle le place dans le ciel : et comme l'enthousiasme de la dévotion emprunte le langage de l'amour, l'enthousiasme de l'amour prend aussi le langage de la dévotion ; il ne voit plus que le paradis, les anges, les vertus des saints, les délices du séjour celeste. Dans ces transports, entourés de si hautes images, en parlera-t'il en termes rampans ? se résoudra-t'il d'abaisser, d'avilir ses idées par des expressions vulgaires ? Ne lui donnera-t'il pas de la noblesse, de la dignité ? que parlez-vous de lettres, de style épistolaire ? en écrivant à ce qu'on aime, ce ne sont plus des lettres qu'on écrit ; ce sont des hymnes.

*Preface de Julie, p. xi. t. 2. Edit. en 12.*

*Amst. MM. Rey. 1763.*



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## EXTRACTS

FROM

## ORIGINALS.

---

THE winds are hush'd to silence; all is calm;  
The sky is the azure of th' unruffled vault  
Heav'n's high bound'ry: from its bosom soon  
The bounteous South will send its treasure forth,  
And give to all the infant blossoms birth,  
Each exulting flow'r:—stern Winter now  
Deft of pow'r, flies from this favor'd isle,  
To rage at large in some more distant clime,  
Where no soft breezes blow, no genial show'rs,  
No noon-tide glories beam.—So may disease  
Panish'd far from thee! may health abound,

T T

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T t

And

An'd ev'ry Sense inhale refreshing draughts  
From Nature's lib'ral hand: then like the birds  
Who seek no shelter now, save on the bough  
Of some light waving shrub, may'st thou, my friend  
With heart elated high, chaunt forth the lay  
Of Praise, of Rapture, Harmony, and Love!

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1781.

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— but, how often shall I quit  
This unsubstantial grandeur, and recall,  
In gentlest thoughts, those hours of secret trust  
And happiness, which need no public eye  
To make it mindful of its true enjoyment.  
You must, my Love, forgive this tuneful style,  
Which flows unstudied, howsoe'er it seem  
To spring from effort of laborious art:  
For, when the mind enkindles at the thought



Of some refined pleasure, straight the words  
With me spontaneous flow on that rich stream,  
Which shows the treasures of my doating heart.  
For am I ever so sincere, so free  
From all reserve of doubt, so truly happy,  
When the Muse, in confidence secure,  
Presents these accents:—You may well remember  
When Fear and Danger lately rear'd their heads,  
How harsh, how short, how broken, were the words  
Which, then, their hateful influence inspir'd:  
I was disorder'd, and at ev'ry turn  
Some rock oppos'd the passage of the stream,  
And forc'd the current into whirling eddies;  
But now that sweet security returns,  
And crowns our fondness with its best reward,  
Even in the riv'let murmurs, as it glides  
Along the verdant banks, where sweet Remembrance,  
On one side, strews its flow'rs of freshest hues,  
In honor of the past; and smiling hope,  
On th' other, shows a mirror, where I view  
Glowing images of joys to come.

Alas!

Alas! Rosalba, if it be a fault  
To be a Poet, I confess the sin,  
And sue for pardon, throwing back the blame  
On Nature first, who gave the wicked gift,  
And next on her, whose tenderness and truth  
Inspires such transports as disdain the voice  
Of humble Prose, and seek to sound their praise  
In strains as lofty, as their joys are sweet.

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1778.

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'TIS said, the wretched only know to pity:  
I doubt the maxim; when the mind is torn  
With sorrows of its own, it little knows  
To quit its anguish for another's grief:  
But, when content is our superior lot,  
How strong the contrast of distress, which wounds  
Our happiness, and makes us wish to free

the sufferer from his pangs, that he may share,  
and sharing still increase our own content.  
Little thinks, amid the foaming surge  
which overwhelms his comrades in despair,  
the shipwreck'd sailor, while he strains each nerve  
to reach the floating mast, but little thinks  
to lend to others that assisting hand  
whose utmost strength himself can hardly save;  
while on the shore secure, the pitying crowd  
forget their partial safety, and expose  
themselves to equal dangers, while they strive  
to give their succours to the drowning crew.

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1779.

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And may I then, without offending her,  
from most I wish to please, again indulge  
all the bright confessions of my love,  
led by the various merits of Rosalba?

With

With joy shall I exert the fond permission;  
But like the bird, who after his confinement  
Knows not, amid the multitude of trees,  
Whose friendly boughs invite him to their shade,  
Where first to perch, or where to fix his nest,  
Rosalba's Poet, (and that name he holds  
Far above all the titles of renown,  
Which public Fame, tho' smiling, can impart,)  
Perplex'd with all the transports of the past,  
And rushing forward with tumultuous hope  
To what the future in its promise bears,  
Keeps no one object certain, but receives  
A mingled pleasure in one blended stream.

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1779.

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NO;—I can see the fairer beauty shine  
Like silver Cynthia, in her nightly orb;  
Can see the rich Brunette still warmer glow



the golden Phœbus in the sultry noon;  
 now to each their diff'rent charms; nay sing,  
 perhaps, a tuneful verse in praise of either;  
 and yet keep faithful to that polar star,  
 and which, unmov'd, each constellation rolls;  
 ere fix my constant eye, thence guide my course,  
 which leads to lasting Happiness and Truth.—

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1785.

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—but far from him,  
 who loves Rosalba with a noble truth;  
 who still would rear the pillars of our love  
 more exalted dignity and strength;  
 be such captious jargon!—light as air  
 words, however soft, however strong,  
 when they no longer strive to paint the heart  
 all its fond emotions, or attempt

To save from danger, what it holds most dear,  
Such has been still the purport of each page,  
Which I, of late, have written; and which, now  
The gentle end attain'd, shall cease to flow  
In that contentious or preceptive strain  
Which marks each line, and calls in Reason's aid  
To study ev'ry sentence, as 'tis penn'd.—  
Now, shall the youthful Cupid, who, of late,  
Of storms afraid, or shrinking from the blast,  
Has hid his head within some gloomy cave,  
Or pac'd with fear along the troubled shore;  
Now shall he spread his bandage to the winds,  
Which whisp'ring call that sail, to better use  
Thus turn'd, than vainly to bedim his eyes,  
And in his mother's brightest shell, shall hold  
His wanton course o'er all the azure main,  
Whose rippling waves now glitter in the beam  
Of light restor'd, and with his bow shall steer  
The steady bark, which bears him to his joys.  
In this high language do I choose to paint  
My mind's returning calm, with all the hopes

gentle thoughts, which now revive my heart;  
at, when Rosalba and her faithful friend  
happy moments shall hereafter meet,  
will be Rapture, Ecstasy, and Joy,  
all is now firm Confidence and Truth,—  
these are th' effusions of thy B——'s heart;  
these softer flowings of his brilliant pen,  
which B——y deems most earnest; and, indeed,  
anger has been still but half inflam'd,  
gentle Love has still withheld my hand,  
never Discontent and hasty Passion  
have drawn their arrows of severer aim.  
True it is, that still you have not seen,  
all the diff'rent moods, your M———n,  
in that mood which least of all would please.  
Danger now is past of it's appearing;  
ev'ry change, as this fond letter shows,  
be alone, to show, in varied phrase,  
exhaustless treasures of his boundless love;  
these, which may, for so Rosalba gives  
fond permission, range without reproof,

In search of Pleasure; but a love, which still  
To her fond soft'ring bosom will return;  
And like the thoughtless dove, who rashly roam'd  
Far from the nest, and in the pelting storm  
Lost half the beauty of its glossy plumes,  
Find no delight, so constant, so sincere,  
As those, which, in the secret safe retreats,  
His faithful mate prepares for his embrace.

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1782.

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'TIS now the shortest day! and as the days  
Increase in length, so may they also grow  
In ev'ry rich enjoyment of our wish  
For Health and Happiness, in ev'ry sense;  
As well the outward show, which proudly meet  
The public eye, as that which lies conceal'd  
In real substance, and in secret form'd,



secret gives its unperceiv'd reward.  
and may the happy pile so high be rear'd,  
that, when the days in their appointed course  
gain shall fail, the present good may make  
unfelt their diminution, or supply  
the want of Sun-shine by the mind's content.

~~~~~  
Dec. 21, 1799.
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H speak no farther, for in your acceptance  
there lives a grace more exquisite than all  
which my poor offer can assume.——

Such is the language of thy M——; ;  
at all its worth is lost upon the herd,  
perceiving not its beauties, or its truth,  
more than the villager the dainty scent  
of new-blown violets, which unseen, by stealth,

Emit

Emit their odors, when his hungry sense  
Calls for its grosser food; or when his ear  
Imbibes the tone of plaintive Philomel  
Saluting Eve's approach; when he, dismiss'd  
From daily toil, in careless merriment  
Repeats the burthen of some rustic song.

1780.

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THIS is, I know, a wild letter, and agrees with the  
hurried state of my mind;——

But as beneath the agitated surge,  
When storms contending ruffle the smooth face  
Of sea-green ocean, still in tranquil peace  
The coral grotto of great Neptune rest,  
Where he enjoys his Amphitrite's love;  
So still secure amid the various strife,

Which

which calls my thoughts so many diff'rent ways,  
 the lov'd idea of Rosalba glows  
 all its native charms, and undisturb'd  
 shows me the sweet reward of all my toils.

1780.

WHAT wonder, then, if still with rolling years,  
 as worth increaseth, their continued course  
 should still increase my fondness? Years may startle  
 the passing light admirer, in whose breast  
 seeds of worth expansive are conceal'd,  
 therefore, seek no talents like his own,  
 some congenial bosom, there to raise  
 in their united roots the goodly tree  
 of happiness and joy. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ask not my proud, (but truly proud Rosalba!)  
 you must bear away all share of praise.

I must assert my portion, and declare,  
(As a new method of conferring praise  
On what I most esteem) that in these lines  
I mean to vie with you in splendid thought,  
In polish'd diction, and melodious verse;  
But sweet will be our contest; each shall wear  
The other's crown, and with serener Joy  
Display his rival's honors, than his own.—

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1782.

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WITH us, each proof of fondness has its worth  
In each degree, alone as it proceeds  
From the rich fountain of our boundless love;  
And, while that spring remains secure and bright  
With equal joy we see the trickling stream  
Glide thro' the flow'r's which deck its nearest bank  
Or see it pour, in rushing floods, and spread



foaming treasures o'er the distant vales.—  
 Such is the blest security which reigns  
 Over our affections; and as Freedom prompts  
 The best obedience to its wholesome laws,  
 While tyranny alone can force the deed,  
 And not engage the will; so love, like ours,  
 Built upon trust, unfetter'd by restraint,  
 Takes each compliance to our mutual wishes  
 A wreath triumphant, not a slavish chain.—

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1782.

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ING on, sweet bird! thy song of gratitude  
 Not offensive to thy master's ear;  
 No' vain thy fond endeavours, to dispel  
 The troubles of his heart, which, panting, glows  
 With ev'ry soft emotion, but oppress

By

By the stern rigor of Rosalba's doubt,  
Dares not display its feelings, in a strain  
Tuneful as thine, but where my doating joys  
To thine superior, would supply the source  
Of choicest words, t'accompany the lay.  
Alas! at this same hour, (one fleeting week  
Is scarc'd elaps'd) did we together raise  
Our voices by consent; and while I read,  
With fondest accent, what, I thought, would give  
An equal transport to Rosalba, thou  
Thy ruffled throat didst strain, in frequent efforts,  
To make thy notes be heard, amid the sounds  
Which spoke the rich expression of my love.

Sing on, sweet bird! thy warblings still proclaim  
Thy little happiness; while I, with fear,  
Recall the mem'ry of my former joys,  
Lest I should burst with transport into song;  
And, tho' the truth which prompted first the strain  
Still guided ev'ry accent, be condemn'd  
To meet Rosalba's taunts of unbelief,

While she refers me, with a scornful wish,  
To some more courtly partner of my heart.

Sing on, sweet bird! thou wilt, at least, believe  
Thy master's words, and trust him, that the muse  
Is seldom found in courts, nor deigns pollute  
Her genuine extasy with courtly phrase.

No, no; (alas, poor bird! thou little know'st  
Those sounds, when utter'd in their sweetest notes;  
And now must hear them in a plaintive tone;)

No, no; the Muses rather seek the shades  
Of calm retirement, or beneath the roof  
Of some low temple of unnotic'd bliss,

Where Worth, unconscious of its talents, dwells  
Averse from Fame; take up their lov'd abode.

But thence they now are banish'd, and the voice  
Which us'd to warble forth its notes, inspir'd

By Nature, and improv'd by harmless Art,

Must now be mute; or hear itself disdain'd,

As false in language, and in praise absurd.

x x

Sing

Sing on, sweet bird! tho' Silence must confine  
The once-lov'd accents of thy master's song.

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1779.

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ARE the two streams yet dried, whence softly flow'd  
Those gentle tears, which, rising from the heart,  
Stood glist'ning in your eyes when last we parted?  
When the faint voice, with interrupted efforts,  
Could scarce find passage for the kind farewell  
Rosalba wish'd to utter; but, oppress'd  
With swelling sighs, committed to her looks,  
And silent sorrow, what she could not speak?  
Such, do I well remember, was the scene,  
When at an early time, when yet the dawn  
Of that bright noon which follow'd scarce had shown  
The first faint streaks of light, I first conceiv'd



The infant hope of lasting happiness;  
And all the joys, which then it sweetly promis'd,  
Now as sweetly strengthens, and confirms.  
But tho' I love the proof, tho' love's soft plant  
E'er thrives so well, as when the soft'ring dew  
Of tears supply their moisture to the root;  
Say, tho' excess of transport oft relieves  
The agonizing bliss with lenient streams  
Of melting fondness, as the summer clouds,  
Defin'd too highly by the genial sun.  
Confess his pow'r superior, and distil  
In grateful show'rs to fertilize the soil,  
From whence they took their birth; yet check their  
course,  
And let the calmer recollective mind  
Diffuse its healing balm, and sooth your spirits  
With past enjoyments, while the restless wish  
Springs onward, swift to meet the future joys.



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*LEVITIES.*

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LENITIES

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# LEVITIES.

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## THE THREE PHIALS.

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A BON-VIVANT, some say t'was Quin,  
It matters not a single pin,  
For all the who, the where, and when,  
I leave to those grave learned men,  
Who cannot laugh, and will not cry,  
Unless they know the reason why;  
Mine is, by far, a better plan,  
Cry when I must, laugh when I can.

This

This Bon-vivant one morning found  
His sleep had not been quite so sound,  
His head was muzzy, pulse was full,  
His stomach queer, his spirits dull:  
Jerry, says he, to Bolus go,  
And tell him, I am but so-so;  
Bid him send something spicy, warm,  
Such as he knows will do no harm;  
I'll ~~stay~~ at home, and try at night  
What rest will do to set me right.  
Away went Jerry: hardly gone,  
When some companions of the ton,  
Just made a call, propos'd a scheme,  
Which put to flight the drowsy dream  
Of home and rest; with them he went,  
And past the time in full content.  
Jerry came back, three phials brought,  
With sov'reign pow'rs of healing fraught  
But where's his master? gone astray,  
To try for health a better way.—

The day was past, the night was come,  
Or rather morning peep'd, when home  
The master came, his spirits light,  
His pulse was cheery, eye was bright,—  
When on the table, in a row,  
He saw the phials,—goodly shew,—  
Each with a label trimly deck'd,  
The time and purpose to direct.  
He read the first—*This please to take*  
*Immediately*—the cheerful rake  
Obey'd the order,—down it goes,—  
And then he read the second dose;  
What's here?—*Take this at going to rest.*—  
Why, aye, says he, it is confess,  
I'm going to bed—without a frown,  
He fairly chucks the second down:  
When lo! the third in sight appear'd;  
What, am I never to be clear'd  
Of all this stuff? in angry phrase  
He spoke,—but, let's see what it says,—

y y

*This*

*This, Sir, you will be pleas'd to take  
To-morrow morning;—please to shake  
The phial well: this droll advice  
Calm'd all his anger in a trice;  
His watch declar'd, beyond denial,  
T'was four o'clock; he shook the phial,  
And with the first and second, he  
Pops down the third for company.  
This tale, a lucky proof supplies,  
How to be merry, and be wise;  
And how we may, on same condition,  
Please both ourselves, and our physician.*

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1791.

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INSCRIPTION



## INSCRIPTION,

After the manner of Akenfide, on a Grotto, in the garden of an  
Ale-house, near to London.



HERE dwells an ale-house anchoret, who, bound  
By rules of Poverty, from flesh abstains,  
He eats Welsh rabbit made of toasted cheese;  
He dines for the crystal stream, in maple dish,  
He sips muddy porter, in a pewter pot:  
He loves the sav'ry pulse, the herb of Indian growth,  
He smokes the pipe once, tobacco now 'yclept:  
He seeks not contemplation, not on the end of life  
He fixes, but on his smoking pot, and pipe:  
He looks not to celestial hopes of distant bliss  
He does not aspire, but the plain earthly joy,  
That his last sip will be ere long replenish'd,  
He sends the second rabbit smoke upon his plate,  
And in his pipe emit its curling fumes:  
He oft he slumbers, by those fumes compos'd;

And,

And, as he dozes, in reviving dream,  
His recollection, by his fancy rous'd,  
Recals the pots, pipes, rabbits, of the past;  
Till, snoring, he himself disturbs, and finds  
No pot, no rabbit, and his pipe, alas!  
In shatter'd relics smould'ring on the floor.  
Stranger! do thou his loss supply, and call  
For t'other pot, and second slice of cheese,  
And kind relume his Promethean flame:  
So shall he still preserve his wonted cell;  
So to your health shall drink, and grateful wish  
That all your aims, superior, may be crown'd  
(Nor shall the landlord not his wish unite)  
With that success, which on his humbler views  
Has been by thy beneficence bestow'd.—

*The FAIR.*

WELL, Bessy, I have seen the fair,  
 And all the human monsters there;  
 Monsters surpassing, far in shape,  
 The clumsy bear, or grinning ape;  
 Monsters too rare for common prose,  
 And, therefore, as the metre flows,  
 I will the various scenes rehearse  
 In short-leg'd Hudibrastic verse.

First, on a green fix booths were plac'd,  
 With gingerbread superbly grac'd,  
 Where kings, and queens, made such a show,  
 And cocks in small-clothes seem'd to crow;  
 While hungry children gaping stand,  
 And lasses laugh beneath their hand;  
 Sour oranges, to gripe their guts,  
 And then, to choak them, rotten nuts;

But in the booth, where hung the laces,  
What looks were cast from wishful faces!  
How did the silver ribbands win,  
From ear, to ear, the wond'ring grin  
Of sister Bet, and cousin Jenny,  
Who haggled for a single penny,  
And shew'd how much, by such delay,  
They long'd to buy, but could not pay.  
Near this was plac'd a gambling stall,  
Where crouds might look for Love, and all  
With words enticing, were entreated  
To try their luck, and so be cheated;  
For as the spindle turn'd around,  
And treasures on each mark abound,  
From one alone, the gain accrues,  
On all the rest, you can but lose.—  
A dancing bear next drew the fight,  
Who snarl'd and growl'd in piteous plight,  
Whene'er his leader dealt the blows  
On his shag paws and muzzled nose.



And, as poor Bruin shakes his chain,  
The bumpkins chuckled at his pain.  
But to avenge the luckless bear,  
And show that they impartial are,  
They change at once their savage whim,  
And use themselves as bad as him.  
In cudgel war, which they call play,  
They now begin the friendly fray;  
Shake hands, as if no harm they meant,  
And then, to show their good intent,  
Lay on with sticks of sturdy oak,  
And draw the blood at ev'ry stroke.  
Others in wrestling kick the shins;  
In wanton mirth the sport begins,  
But ends in deeds of ranc'rous spite,  
And fistcuffs conclude the fight.  
The battle settled, now they hurry  
To the ale-house all, and drown their fury  
In mugs of beer; with weeping eyes,  
Poor Sally to her John applies

The

The common plaster, paper brown,  
Bespread with butter, to his crown.—  
But wounds, and smarts, are banish'd soon,  
And all to some reviving tune  
Now join the romp, by them call'd dancing  
But, O ! such capering and prancing,  
As if the bear had been their master,  
Only they mov'd a little faster ;  
While hands were clap'd with deaf'ning sound  
And Dolly's heel piece click'd the ground.  
The fiddle play'd, but lack a day,  
Each ran and jump'd a diff'rent way,  
Scorning the music's regulation,  
And bounding as by inspiration ;  
Now night was far advanc'd, and all,  
Unwilling, left this charming ball ;  
The girls in ill-pair'd couples creep,  
Sad cheese to cheese ! to bed ; but sleep,  
Not for a moment shuts their eyes,  
While tossing thoughts in tumult rise ;

The men more tir'd, with drink and fight,  
Snore out the small remains of night.—  
So ends the fair, and thus I close  
This bastard verse, this rhyming prose,  
And now retire to balmy rest,  
With fondest thoughts of Bessy blest;  
And may some dream of soothing pow'r  
Its lovely phantoms round me show'r,  
That Sleep by Fancy may supply  
The joys which Time and Place deny!

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1782.

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Z Z

A

*A NEW SONG,*

Intitled and called Poor Mag ; written by order of Miss Proby,  
with the rhyme always ending in Mag.—



WHAT a terrible task  
Is this which you ask,  
Such a number of verses to tag ;  
Where the rhyme must be ever,  
If stupid or clever,  
Concluded with nothing but Mag.

Might I rhyme as I please,  
I could do it with ease,  
Either walking, or riding my nag ;  
But sure such a sound  
Was never yet found,  
As this of unfortunate Mag.

Howev



However, I'll try  
With your wish to comply,  
Tho' my Muse may turn out but a hag;  
For instead of a dove  
Cooing accents of love,  
I must shift as I can with my Mag.

The miserly elf  
May watch o'er his pelf,  
And each morning examine his bag;  
But, commanded by Proby,  
I strive only to be  
Successful in rhyming to Mag.

So delightful a bird,  
Do not think I'm absurd;  
Or call me a whimsical wag;  
Black and white is his feather,  
Grave, gay, both, or either,  
Your taste must be suited in Mag.

Your

Your parrot is spread  
O'er with green and with red,  
But out of her what can you drag,  
But such low rigmarole,  
As come Poll, scratch a poll,  
Not fit to be mention'd by Mag.

Indeed you may make her  
Insult a poor Quaker,  
And much of the feat you may brag;  
But such rude behaviour  
Would forfeit the favor  
Which I would procure to my Mag.

Then for mirth, and good cheer,  
Hear him call, pot of beer,  
In your spirits you never can flag;  
His voice is so sweet  
To the lads in the street,  
That they answer him, there's a good Mag!

So constant, so true,  
You must give him his due,  
From his mate he is never a strag-  
gler; ods so, what a flip,  
In my verse how I trip,  
But I care not, 'tis liker to Mag.

Indeed all my prate  
Is just after that rate,  
Which some may not think worth a rag;  
But 'tis so much the better,  
And true to the letter,  
I talk in the language of Mag.

But, my friends, you must know  
That I feel but so-so,  
And my rhyme begins lamely to lag;  
So now I have done,  
And, if poor be the fun,  
What more would you have of poor Mag?

ENVOI.

## E N V O I.

POETS, too oft for glory frame the lay,  
And much their love, but more their wit, display  
And, while they feign to praise the fair one's charms  
Self-love, alone, the partial bosom warms.  
Slander, to me, can no such views impart;  
Or taint the motives of my willing heart:  
Pretended Wisdom you may justly fear,  
But he, who plays the fool, must be sincere.

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1778.

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## V E R S E S

left to a Gentleman, who presented the Author with a sheet  
of white-brown paper.



I think not I spurn the gift; for great it's use  
 Times of pressing need; tho' brown it's hue,  
 And texture homely, yet with gentler touch  
 Than all its kindred, deck'd with golden edge,  
 Which stiff with pride disdain such mean employ,  
 And it discharge its office; nor too thin,  
 Nor that transparent, flimsy, coxcomb, race,  
 Will it betray thee, when entrusted most.  
 Alas! how anxious are we to procure  
 The pomp of outward show, neglecting all  
 The private blessings which our nature craves;  
 Ask ye, who best can tell, who most have felt  
 Dire distress, when, urg'd by sudden call,  
 Seek the mansion by such various names  
 Distinguish'd;

Distinguish'd; now my uncle's parlour, now  
The coffee-house, or college; by the Greeks,  
To stern Ananec sacred; but by us,  
Of later days, 'yclept necessity:—  
Dread Pow'r! exerting thy impartial sway  
O'er king and peasant: banishing alike  
The dimpled smile from Beauty's youthful cheek,  
From Wisdom's aged brow the look profound,  
Distorted both in th' agonizing strife;  
Tell, in that moment, with what hasty search  
We rummage ev'ry pocket, hoping still  
To find the humble minister, conceal'd  
Like the last inmate of Pandora's box,  
Whose balm could heal the various croud of ills  
Which then their prison broke; think, with w  
grief,

When all that hope is blasted, we, at length,  
Reluctant tear some highly-valued scroll,  
Haply the dictates of some faithful love,  
Or proof of absent friendship; or, if still  
From sacrilege like this we turn with horror,

Some have not spar'd (what will not Want compel?)  
For Nature's hieroglyphics, passing far  
The mystic lore of Ægypt, or Cathay;  
To use th' unarmed fingers, and debase  
The hallow'd wall with characters impure;—  
But bring me, good apothecary Webbe!  
Droplet by ounces, nay by pounds, to cleanse  
My imagination!—that in sweeter vein  
I may pursue my theme.—By various means  
As man's inventive mind, ere now, contriv'd,  
So runs, in Rab'lais, the didactic tale)  
To act in these disasters; some have stol'n  
Their mother's mittens, lin'd with warmest fur,  
And found the artful cov'ring softly glide  
With all maternal care: others, more wild,  
Have flown to Nature in her genuine state,  
And found the neck of goose as kindly meet  
The touch, as down of Cytherea's dove.  
But these are wanton efforts; I, content  
With gift not costly, shall suppress the growth  
Of these luxuriant fancies, and avoid

The groffer horrors of ungovern'd Need.  
 Hail, then, salubrous Helper, happy mean  
 Betwixt these vast extremities!—Be thou  
 At hand, still ready; and when e'er thy aid  
 I most effectual prove, with warmest glow  
 Of gratitude for providential care,  
 Will I recal the kindness of a friend.

END OF THE FIRST VOL.

